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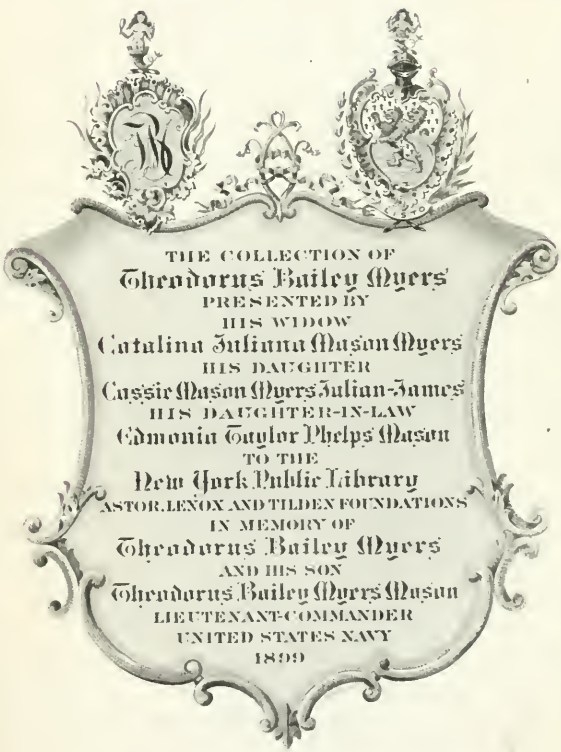
THE COLLECTION OF
Theodorus Bailey Myers
PRESENTED BY
HIS WIDOW
Catalina Juliana Mason Myers
HIS DAUGHTER
Cassie Mason Myers Julian-James
HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
Edmonia Taylor Phelps Mason
TO THE
New York Public Library
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
IN MEMORY OF
Theodorus Bailey Myers
AND HIS SON
Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER
UNITED STATES NAVY
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Billerica
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BILLERICA

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

1855.

Billerica, Mass.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

Two Hundredth Anniversary

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF BILLERICA,

MASSACHUSETTS,

MAY 29th, 1855:

INCLUDING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE,

ADDRESS, POEM,

AND OTHER EXERCISES OF THE OCCASION.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

They who never look back to their ancestors will never look forward to posterity.
Burke.

LOWELL:
S. J. VARNEY, (27 CENTRAL STREET,) PRINTER.
1855.

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ACTION OF THE TOWN.

In the warrant calling a meeting of the inhabitants of the town, dated February 23, 1853, the following article was inserted :—"On petition of Amos Spalding and others, to see if the town will take any order relative to the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, or act thereon as the town may think proper."

At a meeting of the inhabitants, held March 7, 1853, it was "Voted, that a committee of one from each School District be chosen to take the subject into consideration, and report at some future meeting." Messrs. Gardner Parker, Amos Spalding, Jeremiah Crosby, Thomas Talbot, Jonathan Hill, James R. Faulkner, Samuel Brown, Francis Carter, Hutchinson Rogers, and John Allen were chosen.

At the November meeting, of the same year, the committee submitted the following report, viz.:— "They believe the subject committed to them one of no ordinary interest to the inhabitants of the town. When we reflect upon the hardships and privations which our forefathers suffered when they fled from tyranny and oppression in their native land to this, then wilderness, that they might enjoy civil and religious liberty; when we consider their sufferings

from sickness and famine, and from their savage foes, how they toiled and struggled, and persevered until they overcame all obstacles, and laid the foundation of this mighty Empire, which now stretches across this great Continent, we feel proud to claim that we are descendants of such noble men. The settlement of a new Town *two hundred years ago* was attended with dangers and toils, of which we, at this day, can have but a faint conception. Surrounded by savages and wild beasts, the settlers were compelled to subdue the forest and till the ground with their muskets by their sides. Liable to be shot down in the field by the skulking Indian, often attacked in their dwellings by night and slain in their beds, they lived a life of constant toil and danger, under which nothing but their trust in Divine Providence could sustain them. Feeling a deep sense of our obligations to our pious ancestors for the rich legacy they have left us, it bebecomes us to commemorate their deeds, and transmit the recollection of them to our posterity. The Committee therefore recommend that the town do celebrate, by appropriate ceremonies, the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation: that a committee of twenty-five be chosen to make the necessary arrangements for the same, and that the sum of five hundred dollars be appropriated to defray such expenses as may be necessary to carry the same into effect."

The report was accepted and adopted, and the following Committee appointed: Gardner Parker, John Baldwin, Amos Spalding, Daniel Floyd, Jeremiah Crosby, Wm. H. Odiorne, Daniel Wilson, Thomas Talbot, James R. Faulkner, Calvin Rogers, John

Allen, Thomas B. Edmands, Aaron H. Patten, Samuel Brown, Wm. S. Gleason, Francis Carter, Benjamin L. Judkins, Charles H. Hill, Caleb S. Brown, Edward Spalding, J. G. D. Stearns, Josiah Rogers, Anthony Jones, Joseph A. Burt, Jonas Merriam.

Voted, That the Town Clerk, John Baldwin, Jr., be added to the Committee.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.

December 17, 1853.—The Committee of arrangements, appointed by the Town of Billerica to adopt measures for the Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town, met in the Town Hall. Gardner Parker was chosen Chairman, Rev. J. G. D. Stearns Secretary, and Dea. Jeremiah Crosby Corresponding Secretary.

A vote was passed inviting Rev. Joseph Richardson of Hingham, one of the sons of Billerica, to give the Centennial Address.

Chose Samuel Brown, Rev. J. G. D. Stearns, and Dea. Amos Spalding a Committee to procure a Poem.

Chose a Committee on organization, consisting of Thomas Talbot, Dea. James R. Faulkner, Col. John

Baldwin, Benjamin L. Judkins, and Dea. Edward Spalding, to report at some future meeting. Adjourned.

July 12, 1854.—The Committee met in the Town Hall at 4 o'clock, P. M. The Committee on organization presented the following plan, which was accepted and adopted:—

"Your Committee, who were chosen to consider and report some plan of organization, would recommend the appointment of three Secretaries; one Treasurer; one President, and ten Vice Presidents; one Chief Marshal, and two Assistants; four Chaplains; three Toast Masters; a Finance Committee of five, who shall have the oversight of all the money matters, and shall regulate and control all expenditures and keep a record of the same; a Committee of five on Sentiments; a Committee of six on Tent, Dinner, &c.; a Committee of five on Military and Music; a Committee of five on the Exercises of the Day, and on Invitations and Reception of Strangers; and the Chairmen of the several Committees a Committee to act upon all matters not assigned to any of the above Committees. Each Committee shall be authorized to fill any vacancy which may happen from time to time within their board."

Chose a Committee of nine, viz:—Thomas Talbot, Dea. James R. Faulkner, Col. John Baldwin, Benjamin L. Judkins, Dea. Edward Spalding, Gardner Parker, Rev. J. G. D. Stearns, Wm. S. Gleason, and Samuel Brown, to nominate the several Committees and Officers contemplated in the report of the Committee on organization. Adjourned.

September 6.—Met in the Town Hall at 6 o'clock, P. M. The Committee on nominations presented the following list of names to fill the several Offices and Committees, which was accepted and confirmed:—

COL. JOHN BALDWIN, PRESIDENT.

Vice Presidents.

CAPT. SAMUEL FOSTER,	CALVIN ROGERS,
DEA. AMOS SPALDING,	WILLIAM GRAY,
DEA. JEREMIAH CROSBY,	FRANCIS CARTER,
DANIEL WILSON,	DEA. EDWARD SPALDING,
DEA. JOHN C. HOBBS,	JOHN ALLEN.

Secretaries.

REV. J. G. D. STEARNS, DEA. JEREMIAH CROSBY,
JOHN BALDWIN, JR.

DEA. JAMES R. FAULKNER, *Treasurer.*

DEA. JAMES R. FAULKNER, *Chief Marshal.*

Assistant Marshals.

GARDNER PARKER, JOSEPH A. BURT.

Chaplains.

THE CLERGYMEN OFFICIATING FOR THE FOUR OLDEST SOCIETIES AT THE TIME OF THE CELEBRATION.

Toast Masters.

THOMAS TALBOT, WILLIAM H. ODIORNE,
JOHN BALDWIN, JR.,

Finance Committee.

DEA. JAMES R. FAULKNER,	DEA. EDWARD SPALDING,
COL. JOHN BALDWIN,	BENJAMIN L. JUDKINS,

THOMAS TALBOT.

Committee on Sentiments.

DEA. AMOS SPALDING,	JOHN BALDWIN, JR.,
JOSEPH A. BURT,	CHARLES H. HILL,

GARDNER PARKER.

Committee on Tent, Dinner, &c.

GARDNER PARKER, JONAS MERRIAM,
JOHN BALDWIN, JR., SAMUEL BROWN,
DANIEL FLOYD, JOSIAH ROGERS.

Committee on Military and Music.

JOSEPH A. BURT, DEA. AARON H. PATTEN,
ANTHONY JONES, WILLIAM S. GLEASON,
CALEB S. BROWN.

Committee on Exercises of the Day, and Invitations, and Reception of Guests.

REV. J. G. D. STEARNS, DEA. THOMAS B. EDMONDS,
COL. JOHN BALDWIN, THOMAS TALBOT,
WILLIAM H. ODIORNE.

March 28, 1855.—Voted, That the Common Schools and the Howe School be invited, under the direction of the School Committee and the Teachers of the Howe School, to join in the procession.

April 23.—The Committee on Military and Music reported that the Watson Light Guard, of Lowell, have offered their services as escort. The report was accepted and a vote passed accepting the services of the escort.

May 21.—Voted to request the Selectmen to appoint a special police to preserve order on the day of the Celebration; also to print the following notice sent in by the Selectmen:—

NOTICE. All persons are hereby cautioned against violating the law, by selling intoxicating liquors, or by gambling, at the time of the Centennial Celebration, as the law will be strictly enforced.

THOMAS J. JENKINS,
AMASA HOLDEN,
BENJAMIN H. HEALD,
} *Selectmen of Billerica.*

BILLERICA, May 22d, 1855.

May 28.—Met at the Town Hall at 2 o'clock, P. M. Voted, That the President of the Day and the Chief Marshal make such arrangements as they may see best for seating the ladies and the invited guests.

Numerous meetings of the Committee were held from time to time, but more minute details it is not thought needful to record.

The Committee on the Poem invited DANIEL PARKER, M. D., a native of the town, and a resident, to deliver the Poem.

The following note of invitation to take part in the exercises of the day, was sent to the native graduates and some other natives of the town, and also to some gentlemen from abroad:—

BILLERICA, April 20th, 1855.

Dear Sir:—The inhabitants of the town of Billerica propose to celebrate the Second Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of the town, on Tuesday, the 29th day of May next, by appropriate festivities. The Committee tender a special invitation to the sons of Billerica who are graduates of Colleges, and to some other gentlemen of distinction, to be present and participate in the exercises of the occasion. We therefore express the hope that you will favor us with your personal attendance.

The following general invitation was also published in various newspapers:—

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN BILLERICA. The inhabitants of Billerica are preparing to celebrate the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the incorporation of the town, on Tuesday, the 29th of May next, by appropriate exercises and festivities. The sons and

daughters of Billerica, and all other persons who feel an interest in the occasion, are invited to attend.

THE CELEBRATION.

The Jubilee of the 29th of May, 1855, will be memorable in the annals of Billerica. The heavens smiled serenely on the occasion, and the warm greetings of the sons and daughters of Billerica, as they met in this great family gathering, and the manifest delight with which they commemorated the freedom day of their native town, evinced the strength of those local attachments which bind us to the place of our birth.

The morning of the day was ushered in with the ringing of the bell and the booming of cannon. At North Billerica a Cavalcade of young men was formed at an early hour, which, with the schools of the village, escorted by the Cornet Band and the Watson Light Guard, of Lowell, proceeded to the centre of the town. Meanwhile the people came pouring in from the vicinity, and all seemed animated with the spirit of the occasion. At 9 o'clock, A. M., a procession was formed at the Town Hall, under the direction of the Chief Marshal, James R. Faulkner, and his Aids, in the following order:—

CAVALCADE.

Music — Cornet Band.
Escort — Watson Light Guard.
President of the Day and Orator.
Poet and Chaplains.
Committee of Arrangements and Invited Guests.
Citizens of Billerica and other towns.
Howe School and District Schools.

The whole procession made a very fine appearance. After marching around the village, the dwellings of which were beautifully decorated for the occasion by Col. Beals, of Boston, they entered Yale's Mammoth Tent on the Common at 10½ o'clock, A. M. The Schools, with banners inscribed with appropriate mottoes, badges, and other decorations, formed an interesting feature of the procession. Much credit is due to the teachers and Prudential Committee who gave their attention to the care of the children, especially in connection with the repast which was provided for them at the Howe School Hall. Under the excellent regulations which were made, the whole day passed off in admirable order and good spirit. The exercises in the tent were listened to by an intelligent and appreciating audience, while the speakers worthily portrayed the virtues, the deeds, and renown of our forefathers, and depicted in glowing colors the scenes of the early history of this ancient town.

After the procession entered and were seated in the tent, the audience were called to order by Col. John Baldwin, the President of the Day, who addressed them briefly as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen, after bidding you all a *hearty welcome*, on this interesting occasion, I would ask your attention to the exercises of the day."

The speakers were then called upon and introduced to the audience in the following order:—

Reading of Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Homer Sears, of Billerica.

Prayer by Rev. J. G. D. Stearns, of Billerica.

The following original Hymn, composed for the occasion by Miss E. A. Foster, one of the daughters of Billerica, was read by Rev. Homer Sears, and sung by the assembly in the tune of St. Martin's:—

HYMN.

Two hundred years ago, my friends,
Upon our native hill,
There beat strong hearts with pulses true;
Those pulses now are still,

Those pulses now are still, my friends,
But they beat not in vain:
They throbbed for Freedom's sacred cause,
That cause they did maintain.

In peril, and through mazes dark,
They trod their onward way;
We bless them! yes, we honor them!
With grateful hearts to-day.

They've made our Present glorious,
They've made our Future fair;
Their Goodness and their Faith we feel
Have made us what we are.

We'll ne'er forget their toilsome strife,
Though they have passed away;
Their lives of earnest, active thought,
Which died not with the day.

We'll linger on their memories,
And speed the work begun;
Our hearts shall beat for Liberty,
For Truth and Good to come.

ADDRESS

BY THE HON. JOSEPH RICHARDSON.

Sons and Daughters, Descendants and Successors of the first and early Inhabitants of Billerica :—

For the high privilege and the honor of addressing you on this occasion, I return you my sincere thanks. To meet and rejoice together in the prosperous close of this second centennial, and to greet the first morning of the third, is a pleasure worthy of our most devout acknowledgement to the Author of all good. Sincerely I regret my inability to make the occasion as entertaining and instructive as I desire. Sacred be the day to interesting memories of the past, suitable to be fondly cherished,—that we may add new strength and beauty to the relations, which He who made us, we trust, has intended to be as enduring as our existence.

Not to boast of ancestors renowned for desolating conquest and ignoble dominion do we now meet. We come to pay our united homage to God, and to the memory of the founders of glorious institutions of religion, of learning and of freedom, whose happy results have no parallel in the history of the world. Around

and on this grand elevation where we are assembled, you will pardon me for saying, to me there has seemed to shine a brighter, a broader, more beautiful light than on other places.

Here lived those men and women of better than noble birth, who took high counsel together, and concerted wise plans of life, and cherished hopes that God has signally prospered. The fertility of much of the soil, the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding prospect, bear witness of their intelligence, sound judgment, and good taste. Had they located their centre nearer the junction of the Concord and Merrimack rivers, they would have been more exposed to the hostility of Indian tribes. Indulging no unbecoming vanity, I think we may find those few families who first broke the wilderness here as having merited the high praise of a grateful posterity, however humble and unpromising at their commencement. "Right ends and means make wisdom—produce grand results, achieve all true glory."

Only a brief sketch of its institutions, and of some events of general interest to the town since its settlement, can I attempt to give. The day will not be long enough for all we should be glad to say, and hear, and do. Our hearts must have emotions too deep and full for utterance. The homesteads of our fathers, the birth-places of many of us, the play-mates and play-grounds of our childhood; the roads, and hills, and vallies, and streams, throng around us to be remembered,—for some tribute of our affection. Stories of the past, once familiar, are echoing in our ear. The ring of the bell that called us to the house of

prayer, and the tolling that summoned us to the house of mourning continue to thrill upon the heart like voices from the spirit world. Those of us who, by the events of life, have been scattered abroad owe you our hearty thanks for inviting us to share with you in the tender and sweet associations of a place so dear, a day so sacred. "It is good for us to be here," together to look above the transient, the unsatisfying. It is a pleasure, a high privilege to be remembered, that, not as was Athens by power of Minerva; not as was Rome by hordes of robbers and outlaws, but by high minded exemplary Christian men and women was this town settled.

This town was first settled chiefly, as believed, by English inhabitants from the town of Billerica, in the county of Essex in England, and from an adjacent town.* The first European inhabitants called it Shawshin, probably after the river Shawshin, as named by the natives. As appears from the records of the Massachusetts colony, the Shawshin territory was a precinct of Cambridge, bounded by Chelmsford, Andover, Woburn and Concord.

Singularly it appears in the record that the measures of the General Court must have had no small influence to prevent settlers from coming to Shawshin. In 1642 their Committee reported the Shawshin territory "sufficient in quantity only for a village, but for quality, in their apprehension, no way fit, the upland being very barren, and very little meadow thereabout, nor any good timber almost fit for any use!" What were the views and motives of a Legislative

* Farmer's History of Billerica.

Committee in making such a report, is not easy to determine. Legislative Committees may have been as poor judges of land as they sometimes have proved to be of other matters. Speculators in land may have had influence to induce the Court to give the tract away as worthless. Taking an area of fifty miles extent, the city of Boston being the centre, for fertile upland, extensive meadows and beauty of location, it may be challenged that no town excels this same town of Billerica. Those interested in other new land may have wished to keep Shawshin out of the market.

The proximity of this place to the Indians about the mouth of Concord river, may at that time have influenced the Court's Committee to make a report unfavorable to it for settlement. This is the most charitable supposition that occurs to me. Whatever the Committee may have thought, they would not have publicly confessed fear of Indians, for that would have invited their savage assaults, which some years afterwards the people so severely suffered, when "Col. Joseph Lynde, a chief man of Charlestown, with three hundred men in arms, horse and foot," ranged the woods about Andover, Chelmsford and Billerica, and waded the swamps, unable to find the stealthy foe.

The town of Cambridge, particularly some of the officers of the College, had grants of land in Shawshin from the General Court, and a sort of supervision of the territory. The few families in Shawshin for a number of years certainly needed protection and aid from their neighbors. But the interests, both of Shawshin and Cambridge, soon led them to terms of separation. The terms of separation from Cambridge

were agreed upon between commissioners in behalf of that town and petitioners in behalf of Shawshin, and were confirmed by the General Court on the 29th day of May, 1655. The record of the Court stands thus:

"These propposicions are accepted of and consented unto by us the present inhabitants of Shawshin: and wee doe humbly crave this honored Court to confirme and record the same.

"Your humble servants,

Ralph Hill, sen.,	James Parker,
William French,	Jonathan Danforth,
Jno. Sterne,	Henry Jeftes,
Wm. Pattin,	Wm. Chamberlyn,
George Farley,	Jno. Parker,
Ralph Hill, jun.,	Robt. Parker.
Jno. Croe,	

"Theire request was granted by the Court."*

The commissioners for the town of Cambridge said, in the proposed terms of separation,—"We do make these following propositions and conclusions therein, as to us might seem most meet and equal with reference to the compliance of the above named, our beloved brethren and neighbors, the inhabitants of Shawshin, and the approbation of the General Court for the full conclusion thereof."

By an act of the General Court passed the 23d of May preceding, the inhabitants of Shawshin were authorized to take the name of Billerica. The towns of Bedford, Tewksbury and Carlisle formerly, either in part or wholly, were included within the limits of Billerica.

* See Records of the Colony, Vol. 4, part I, p. 240.

On the same day of the incorporation of this town, the General Court passed the act, "that Edward Spalden, Wm. Fletcher and others, inhabitants of a new plantation, that the number of inhabitants, according to the time prefixed in the Court's grant were settled at their request, and the Court doth grant the name thereof to be called Chelmsford."* Chelmsford included formerly what is now mainly the young and beautiful city of Lowell.

In 1659, the General Court ordered that "there being several towns within this jurisdiction who are not only remote from any magistrate, but also destitute of any person empowered to solemnize marriage, the want whereof is an occasion of much trouble, and sometimes disappointment, which to prevent, it is ordered, that Lieutenant French for Billerica and Chelmsford, shall be and hereby is appointed and empowered to join in marriage within those towns or limits, such persons as shall desire the same, being authorized by law."† Like authority was given, at the same time, to sundry military gentlemen in other towns to solemnize marriages. Capt. Joshua Hubbard was "appointed and empowered to join persons in marriage in Hingham." We are not informed what in those days, was the form of the marriage ceremony, or whether those appointed to the office were required to appear in military costume and equipments.— Almost all appointed to the office were military men. Officers were appointed to join persons in marriage for towns where were ordained ministers. Why was that? The statute of George the Second gives

* Rec. Mass., Vol. IV, part 1, p. 237. † Rec. Mass., Vol. IV, part I, p. 383.

the answer, that "to solemnize marriage in any other place, besides a church, or public (Episcopal) chapel, wherein banns have usually been published, except by license from the archbishop of Canterbury,—and to solemnize marriage, in such church or chapel, without due publication of banns, or license from proper authority, do both of them not only render the marriage void, but subject the person solemnizing it to felony, punished by transportation for fourteen years."*

One of the conditions of the incorporation of this town was, "that it be settled with twenty families, at least within three years, and that the ordinances of God may be settled and encouraged, in the said place of Billerica." From the names given in the grant, it is inferred that, at its date, there were not more than twelve families within the limits of the town. Thus, at the first moment of corporate existence, the little band pledged themselves to maintain the ordinances of God. Being recognized and established here, as lords of the soil, we may easily imagine, was an event religiously and joyously celebrated. With the mind's eye can we not see them assembled, *near this very spot*, to accept the grant, surrounded as they were by hostile elements, and with anxious forebodings of the future, unlike this scene of their descendants to-day, happy now and in joyous anticipations. Before the three years, limited by their grant, had expired, "nineteen persons agreed with the Rev. Samuel Whiting, to settle him with them in the gospel ministry;" to give him and his heirs what was called a ten acre privilege, equal to one hundred and thirteen acres of

* Blackstone, Vol. 1, p. 166.

upland, and twelve acres of meadow, and a house comfortably finished with the accommodations belonging to it, if he should continue with them during his life; also a salary of forty pounds sterling for the first two years, fifty pounds sterling for the third, and sixty pounds for the fourth; and they engaged to better his maintenance afterwards, as the Lord should better their estates. Taking into view the circumstances of the people and the age, the provision for their minister was highly liberal. As men of wise forecast they were aware that the success of their enterprise must absolutely depend on their being well instructed in good principles and social duties. To live in an unbroken wilderness, thronged with roving barbarians, they feared less than to live without the knowledge of God. About four years after the settlement of their minister they erected their first meeting-house, which they covered with thatch instead of shingles. The first church in Billerica was organized on the 27th of April, 1663. Such was the progress of the infant town during the first eight years. It has been said that corporations have no souls. The author of the reproach could not have been acquainted with this and some other corporations of New England. What vigilance this town manifested, in its infancy, in the regulation that required "all persons unknown to them, desirous of becoming inhabitants, to bring a certificate from the place whence they came, exhibiting such testimony as should be satisfactory to the town, that upon their admission as inhabitants, they should subscribe their names to all orders of the town, and bear their proportion of all public charges in church, town

and common weal." To guard the right of suffrage, one of the most essential for the preservation of public order, they subjected "any person, not qualified by law, who should presume to give his vote or his voice in any election of the town, or interfere in any town affairs, to a fine of five shillings, to be collected by the constable." Within certain limitations "no proprietor could sell or dispose of lands that had been granted to them, without the knowledge and consent of the town." It is believed that such measures were deemed necessary to protect the town against fanatical and lawless disturbers of the peace, by whom the towns of New England were, at that period, severely troubled.

Those who *accepted* the terms of incorporation were *two*, senior and junior, of the name of Hill, *one* of French, *one* of Stearns, *one* of Pattin, *one* of Farley, *one* of Croe, *three* of the name of Parker, *one* of Danforth and *one* of Chamberlain,—in all, twelve.* John Parker was one of the first selectmen of the town, and was continued in the office seven years. He was approved of by authority of the Court in 1657, as clerk of the courts.

In 1659, John Kittredge was an inhabitant. From him, it is believed that all of the name in New England descended. Tradition tells us "that he had knowledge of the healing art," and that from the eldest branch of his family the knowledge has descended. A number of the name have been distinguished physicians. Among the early settlers was John Rogers. From John, his eldest son, descended those

* Farmer's History of Billerica, p. 7.

of the name in this town; in 1695, he was killed by the Indians. William French came from England to Cambridge, and thence to this town.* George Farley, a resident in Woburn, was one of the selectmen of this town seven years. How, or for what reason, an inhabitant of another town was chosen to be a selectman of this, for seven years, I am unable to ascertain. It may have been owing to an inability to unite in an election of an inhabitant of this town. The first deputy who was an inhabitant, chosen by the town to the General Court, of which I find any record, was Jonathan Danforth, in 1684. Previous to the year 1669, a Mr. Davie, of Boston, had represented this town. It was a frequent practice of towns under the old provincial charter, to elect non-resident deputies. An Act of the General Assembly, passed in 1694, abolished the practice. That act provided that the towns should not "choose any person to represent them in the General Court, other than freeholders and residents within such towns." From an early period the colonies felt the evil of being represented and governed by non-residents and foreigners. One of our most eminent statesmen has justly said that "home government was the secret of the prosperity of the New England settlements."† The Jonathan Danforth here spoken of, was one of the committee who located the house-lots of the town; a selectman twenty-one years, and kept a record of the town twenty years. He was frequently employed to locate towns and settlements in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and "distinguished for his mathematical

* Farmer's History. † Works of Webster, Vol. I, p. 102.

knowledge and extensive usefulness,"* and strict integrity.

It would appear from the record that no public school was instituted in this town until twenty-four years after its incorporation. Is it to be inferred that the education of youth was so long neglected? Not so. In good families of that day, as was the custom, the *family* was a school, in which the rudiments of useful sciences were taught, and the higher branches, by daily reading and much study of the Book, above all other books, that teaches the best lessons of wisdom. A good family, with the Bible for its chief class-book, I hesitate not to pronounce the best of all schools. The church was a school. The congregation was a school. Faithful parents and ministers were all school teachers.† Soon after incorporation three persons were chosen by the town "to examine the several families, and see whether their children and servants were taught in the principles of religion; and a little later, by an order of the town, all children and youth, from eight years old and upwards, were required to be sent by their parents and masters, to the Rev. Samuel Whiting to receive catechetical instruction, at such times as should be appointed."

In 1642 the General Court of the Colony, by a public act required of towns the duty of "seeing that *every child*, within their respective jurisdiction, should be educated." The selectmen of every town were required "to have a vigilant eye over their *brethren* and *neighbors*,—to see that none of them shall suffer

* Farmer's History, p. 15.

† They taught the youth to *think* correctly and behave wisely.

so much *barbarism* in any of their families, as not to endeavor to teach, by themselves or others, their children and apprentices, so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and a knowledge of the capital laws, upon penalty of twenty shillings for each neglect therein."*

In 1647 a law was passed making "the support of schools compulsory, and education both universal and *free*." This law was passed seven years before the incorporation of this town. In 1679 Joseph Thompson was appointed a public schoolmaster of the town, who continued many years in office. This probably was as soon as the number of families in town was such as the law required to support a public schoolmaster. This town early partook of "the bold spirit of innovation upon all pre-existing policy and usages in provisions for universal education, greater, it has been asserted, than the world had ever known since the commencement of the Christian era."† To train up *all* classes of the people to industry, intelligence, and virtue, and correct habits of thought, liberal means were required by law, stringent in its penalties. In truth, every town, by adopting the principles of self-government and of equal laws, and by discussions and regulations for the public welfare, was a perpetual school, demanding deep and earnest thought.— The great problems of religion, freedom and good government never were thoroughly solved in *words* spoken, written or printed, however eloquent. *Application* explains them, exposes their defects, gives them proof, and illustrates their worth. Had it been

* See Colonial Laws. † Horace Mann.

in the power of great schools, of profound learning, of commanding talents and inspiring eloquence among the *few* to make and keep nations free and prosperous, why would not the renowned Republics of Greece and of Rome have been immortal? Men must not only believe right but *live* as they believe.

In both the history of the town and in Dr. Cumings' half century sermon the *Church* is represented as having been organized in 1663. Ministers of that day, of the Congregational order, were frequently called elders, and the lay-delegates of the churches were called messengers. In November, of the same year, the Rev. Samuel Whiting was ordained as the minister of the church and the town, in which office he continued to the advanced age of eighty years. The Rev. Samuel Ruggles was his colleague several years, and was his successor to the year 1749, when he deceased, making the whole term of his ministry forty-one years. The Rev. John Chandler was the next minister, who continued in office a little less than thirteen years, and died in less than two years after his dismission. The difficulty that resulted in Mr. Chandler's dismission is not stated in any record or history to which I have found access. History mentions him as having been a graduate of Harvard College, and "his sermons as having been written in a neat style and evincing a benevolent spirit."* To fill the vacancy, caused by his dismission, a large number of candidates were heard; one of the candidates was invited to settle, but some disagreement prevented his settlement. A day was set apart by the town for fasting and pray-

* See Farmer's History, p. 19.

er, that the people might be directed in the choice of a minister. Another candidate was invited to settle, but declined the invitation. In 1672 the church and town concurred in the choice of Henry Cumings, of Hollis, in New Hampshire, to settle with them in the gospel ministry. He was ordained January 26, 1763. Thus the town was without a settled minister a little more than two years.

It would be unjust to the name of the Rev. Samuel Whiting, the first minister of this town, to pass unnoticed the excellent character he sustained, highly respected by the town for his "fidelity, circumspection and diligence," in the various duties of private and public life. The estimation and affectionate regard of the people exhibit *their* character in beautiful relief. "When sickness prevented him for several months from attending to the duties of the sanctuary, *their* affection for him, as upon other occasions, was manifested. They procured the Rev. John Fox to preach during his indisposition, and rewarded him at their own expense."* A poem on his death, written long afterwards, sketches his character in the style of its day. It is a grand portrait:—

> "Whiting, we here beheld a starry light,
> Burning in Christ's right hand and shining bright;
> Years seven times seven sent forth his precious rays,
> Unto the gospel's profit and Jehovah's praise."

It has been supposed that the tax upon the people for the support of a minister was very light in the time of which I am speaking. The salary of Rev. Mr. Whiting, the fourth year of his settlement, was

* Farmer's History, p. 16.

sixty pounds. *Then* the pay of the common laborer, finding himself, was *one shilling* a day. The salary of sixty pounds was equal to nine times that sum when the pay of a day's work is nine shillings,—the handsome sum of eighteen hundred dollars. The high estimate of the importance of the ministry, and the liberality of nineteen inhabitants of the town in its infancy, in engaging to pay annually such a salary, speaks an eulogy upon their character, in deeds more eloquent than our best words. Whatever the cost, they were resolved that neither they nor theirs should be without religious instruction. If time would allow, and they could be obtained, I would give you some specimens of the religious opinions inculcated by the ministers of the town, prior to the ministry of Dr. Cummings.

Our ancestors were eminently exemplary in the maintenance of religious order. In solemn forms, and most commonly ministers were set apart to their momentous work. He who was to teach them the way to heaven, to direct the shade and commend in death the spirit to God, could not be received into office among them but in a solemn manner. An ordination was a great occasion, worthy to be celebrated with holy and beautiful devotions, with the sympathy of fellow-Christians, and innocent joys. Serious as they were, they loved to have their fellow-citizens of the neighboring towns share with them in generous festivities and recreations. We would not claim that they were faultless. Filial affection bids us draw the vail of candor over the errors of those to whom we owe a debt we can never repay. The most beautiful

pictures are blendings of lights and shades. Illy would it become us to forget that

"To err is human; to forgive divine."

If God had made us morally perfect,—to exist here we should have had no need. Should *we* place "our souls in their soul's stead," *whose* voice of reproach should we hear raised against them? Are they accused of superstition? A previous question is to be settled. Are *we* competent judges of that matter? I love to think of their stern, uncompromising devotion to their great cause; of their antiquated prayers, and psalm singing; of their grand election, thanksgiving and ordination days. The inauguration of good rulers and the ordination of a good minister, *were* great occasions.

The pastoral connexion of Dr. Cumings with the church and town of Billerica, continued to the 6th of September, 1823, the time of his decease, in the 85th year of his age, and the 61st of his ministry. The honor is justly due to minister and people to remark, as we may with truth, that few, very few instances of a ministry so peaceful and protracted, so well sustained and so happy, can be found in this or any other age of the Christian church.

During one hundred and sixty years from the settlement of the first minister, the town was the congregation, with but one church in the town. Though entertaining, as doubtless they did, various religious opinions, yet all assembled in the same house of worship, or, with few exceptions, listened to the same religious instruction, and as communicants gathered

around the same table. What a change has taken place throughout New England and our whole land!

In his half century sermon, delivered February 21st, 1813, the venerated Cumings pronounced this eulogy, so honorable to the character of our ancestors, that "from the earliest date of their connexion with a gospel minister, a friendly harmony hath uniformly, or with very transient interruption, subsisted between the church and people of God, in this place, and those who have successively ministered to them in holy things." "It gives me pleasure to add (he said) that I know of none of the sacred order who have lived half a century with the people of their charge, in greater love, peace, and harmony." Of this eminent divine, the sermon delivered at the funeral, by one who knew him, gives this graphic description;—"We shall present him to you in the full strength of a matured mind, richly stored with classical learning, and as far outstripping most of his coevals in literary attainments, as in natural endowments. His commanding stature, muscular strength, and dignified appearance, were striking indications of the strong powers of his understanding. A constitution uncommonly firm and athletic aided the mighty efforts of his mind, and supported it in long continued research and investigation. Understanding the nature of moral evidence, and fully convinced of the truth and excellence of Christianity, he concentrated all the mighty energies of his soul to the Christian ministry."* Whilst other towns and churches had frequent divisions and long protracted controversies, here reigned harmony

* Rev. Wilkes Allen.

and peace, alike honorable to the people and their ministers. For this, with other causes, this deserved the praise in history of being "ranked among the noted towns of New England." Of the theological opinions entertained by the ministers of this town, anterior to the time of Dr. Cumings, I regret that I have been unable to find any trace.

During his ministry, Dr. Cumings had, of sermons and discourses, delivered on various occasions, seventen published, all by the solicitation of his own people, or of those in other places to whom they were addressed. Five of them were Thanksgiving discourses published by request. I think I may assert that among all his discourses, not one treated largely on what are called the dogmas in theology, in controversy among Christians. When he alluded to any disputed point of doctrine, it was incidentally and briefly, but with great force, and yet with candor.—Repeatedly, in cases of controversy and division in other towns and churches, he was called to preside in mutual councils as moderator. Under his direction a number of young men were prepared for the Christian ministry. And may I not add, that seldom, if ever on earth, has there subsisted a more unbroken and beautiful harmony in the Christian church, and in the maintenance of Christian ordinances, than was enjoyed by the town of Billerica *during more than the first century and a half* of its existence. If this is boasting, hardly becoming an humble son of the town, the rest of the family, and our kind friends, I hope, will forgive me. We have met to enjoy the mutual congratulations that truth will allow to affectionate children,

in one of the most beautiful scenes we can pass in this world.

The fifth minister of the town, Rev. Nathaniel Whitman, was ordained as colleague of Dr. Cumings in 1814. Mr. Whitman continued his ministry until May in 1835, a period of more than twenty-one years, and as I have always understood, in the most entire mutual affection and harmony subsisting between the people and their minister, honored and happy in the high esteem of the senior pastor.

Within less than the last half century changes in this, as in nearly all the towns of New England, have been rapidly taking place in religious concerns.— Where the population is but little increased, instead of the one Congregational Church and Society in the town, now there are four, five, or more, of different denominations. Happy, if with the spirit of division and the multiplication of Christian sects, the people are making equal progress in pure morals and in the principles and practices of the divine life. Since the commencement of the year 1828 three additional churches and societies, of different denominations, have been formed, who have erected their houses of worship, and each supported a regular ministry. In the order of time the first of these was the Baptist, the second the Congregational Trinitarian, and the third the Universalist. Let our charity to-day be, as it should be every day, greater than our faith and hope. "The wounds (said Lord Bacon of such divisions) are not dangerous, unless we poison them with our remedies." How is it to be explained, that as late as the year 1800, 1383 inhabitants of this town,

(and in this Commonwealth there were even hundreds of similar instances) continued to be of one congregation and church, and attending the instructions of one minister in the same meeting-house? Were they less religious than are the people of 1855? Were they less acquainted with the Bible, or less observant of the duties and obligations of the Christian life? Were there a greater proportion of the people then than now, in the neglect of public worship? Well do I remember the third meeting-house, 60 feet in length by 46 in width, with its three wide galleries and long slips, filled in every part; when the old and feeble rode on horse-back, and the young of both sexes, not unfrequently, walked the distance of three or four miles to attend the Court of the Most High, and learn the knowledge that gives light, and hope, and peace, in life and in death. From that time to the present, the period of the connexion between a people and their minister has been growing less, tending to weaken one of the most sacred relations of life, among other causes increasing the spirit of division and continually rendering more burthensome the support of religious institutions. Whether "religion, pure and undefiled," be the result of the great change that has taken place, is a question that demands the profound consideration of all good men. Progress we aspire, we *ought*, to make. We pray to God that it may be in the right direction. Often the scene familiar to my childhood passes my mind, of that old edifice that stood a few rods bearing North of this spot, the third erected by the town, which I should think no painter's brush ever touched,

every holy day thronged with devout worshippers,— where stood the venerated Cumings of gigantic stature, not with a very musical, but a distinctly audible voice, proclaiming the living way; confirming the wavering; holding up the promised crown to the faithful. Earnestly, eloquently he taught the people to be Christians and *patriots*. The people of this town have always been patriotic. From the first settlement we may trace the predominance in the character of the people of this town, of one great principle essential to the happiness of the social state, the Christian principle of self-sacrifice to promote the peace and welfare of the whole. It was not thought by them a man's only business to save his own life, or his property, or even his own soul, at the cost of his brother's or his neighbor's rights. Could they have left to us better evidence that they were sincere Christians and true patriots? In this respect they were genuine Puritans, sons of freedom, partaking little of the self-willed individualism, the essence of despotism in all time,— that, right or wrong, to have its own way, would desolate the earth and defy heaven.

In the periods of severest trial this town has been as true and steady in patriotism as in religion, "amidst great political changes and revolutions, and the trying vicissitudes of calamity and prosperity, private and public,"* maintaining an honorable integrity. We have read and dimly thought of "times that tried men's souls." What imagination can paint the scenes of Indian warfare, when no man dared to sleep but upon his arms, or to go to his labor, or to the sanctuary of

* Dr. Cumings.

God, without bearing with him the deathly weapons of defence? Chosen men of the town were kept prepared through the winter, at a moment's alarm, with snow-shoes to go to the relief of neighbors, or to pursue the stealthy foe. Can we describe the deep solemnity of the occasion when the little band of citizens met and resolved, "That the enemy being near, and the warning of God's Providence upon our neighbors being very solemn, we do, therefore, order and agree to prepare a place of safety for our women and children."

In 1675 this town, with the advice and direction of the Court of the Colony, established twelve garrisons for protection of the inhabitants. No family could be safe with their own means of defence. The garrisons were located in twelve different places. One at Ralph Hill's for the inhabitants of five dwellings. One at Thomas Foster's for the families of six dwellings. One at Simon Crosby's for seven families. One at Rev. Samuel Whiting's for seven families. This was agreed upon as "the main garrison and the last refuge in case of extremity." One at Thomas Patten's for five families. One at James Patterson's for four families. One at Jacob Frenche's for four houses. One at James Kidder's for four houses. One at Jonathan Danforth's. One at Timothy Brook's. One at George Farley's house, "to entertain as it may be capable." One at Job Lane's, who, from his remote situation, was allowed to fortify his own house, and "to have two soldiers if the country could spare them." The Masters of the several garrisons were Sergeant Ralph Hill, Sergeant Thomas Foster, Sergeant Joseph Tompson, Rev. Samuel Whiting, Thomas Patten, James

Patterson, John Marshall, Sergeant James Kidder and Jonathan Danforth.". These were preparations for defence in the time of King Philip's war, during which this town appears to have sustained no serious injury. A few years later a number were massacred or captured by the Indians. In 1692 Ann Shed, wife of Zachara Shed, and two of her children; Joanna Dutton, wife of Benjamin Dutton, and two of her children were their victims. In 1695 they entered the house of John Rogers in the north part of the town, in the day time, and, with an arrow, gave him a mortal wound. A young woman they scalped and left for dead. A son and daughter of Mr. Rogers they took prisoners. The mother-in-law and five young children of John Levistone were killed, and his eldest daughter was captured. The wife of Dr. R. Toothaker was killed and his youngest daughter was taken prisoner. According to Gov. Hutchinson's History and the town records, fifteen persons were killed at that time. In history I am unable to find any particular cause of hostility of the Indians against this town, or in many other instances, other than a settled jealousy, not without foundation, we must admit, that unless they exterminated the English, the English would exterminate them. But little provocation was sufficient, at this period, to excite that passion to the utmost rage. It was, to their race, a question of life or death. The Pequods, a powerful and war-like tribe, as history relates, "courted the alliance of its neighbors, the Narragansets and the Mohegans, that an union and a general rising of the natives might sweep the hated intruders from the

ancient hunting grounds of the Indian race."* To the credit of our ancestors history bears testimony that this town early purchased of the Indian tribes a title to their lands.

By what trials of hardship, of severe discipline, of self-possession, of indomitable courage, the people were prepared for the great events of the revolution. One mother of Billerica illustrated the heroic courage and the consummate address, of which many of her sex have given examples. Mary Farmer, wife of Edward, with several of her sons to guard her, went from the garrison to the field to gather vegetables for dinner. While there she discovered a number of Indians concealed behind the fence, almost within reach of her hand. Had she given an alarm the Indians probably would have dispatched her and her sons, though they were lying in wait to get possession of the garrison with more plunder, and a greater number of captives. Having gathered her vegetables, she said, in a *loud tone*,—"Boys, guard us well to the garrison, and then you may come back and hunt the Indians." Returning they alarmed the garrison, and the Indians fled with precipitation. After the war the Indians declared that had it not been for "that one white squaw" they should have effected their purposes.†

If your patience will bear with me, I will go on to mention some other things, which, if already known, I trust we need not blush to repeat to-day; occurrences of a later period.

In less than half a century after the incursions of

* Bancroft's History, Vol. 1, p. 398. † Col. John Farmer's unpublished notes.

the Indians in this vicinity, the spirit of the colonists was aroused by British encroachments, menacing them with oppression, they had crossed a stormy ocean and suffered the horrors of a savage wilderness to escape.

With a spirit unsubdued, undismayed, in answer to a letter received from the town of Boston, aggrieved by the operation of the Boston Port Bill, the town held a meeting and made this reply. "We consider the blow struck at Boston as aimed at the province in general, and as a prelude to something further, equally vindictive, yet in store for this and the other colonies. We do hereby promise and declare our readiness to support and strengthen our brethren in any measures that shall be judged expedient for our common safety and defence; for defeating every vengeful machination of those, who would punish us for shewing ourselves men, and would dragoon us into slavery, because we disdain patiently to take the yoke upon our necks at their bidding. It would be an indelible disgrace, and a violation of the sacred obligations we are under to God and our country, to ourselves and to posterity, for us tamely and pusillanimously to give up those invaluable liberties and privileges, which our worthy ancestors purchased at such vast expense of blood and treasure."* We have the pleasure to know that throughout the revolution this town withheld no sacrifices the cause demanded. From the commencement to the close, if not unrivalled by other towns, by few was this excelled in devotion to the common cause.

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* Town Records.

Such sires have left to their descendants, shall we not say, a land,

"A hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame?"

As early as May 23, 1776, at a legal town meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of Billerica, Doctor Timothy Danforth moderator, the question was put, "Whether said town will, in conformity to a resolve of the Honorable House of Representatives of this colony, advise our representatives, that if the Honorable Congress shall, for the safety of the colonies, declare them independent of Great Britain, they, the inhabitants, will engage with their lives and fortunes to support them in the measure." The vote passed unanimously in the affirmative. That was the freely expressed will of the people, deliberately determined to meet the consequences.

To the Convention at Cambridge in 1779, to form a State Constitution, a delegate was sent from this town. Colonel William Thompson was the town's delegate to the Convention when the Constitution of the United States was adopted. It is worthy of mention, that from 1642, a period of more than a century, this town, as required by law, was constantly represented in the General Court of the colony.

Events and transactions occurred in the early part of the second century of the town, it would seem ungrateful for me to pass without further notice — the achievement of American Independence, in which our fathers bore an honorable part. I have found on the rolls of the militia of the colony, and of the continental army, in the office of our Secretary of State, that

on the memorable 19th of April, 1775, Captain Jonathan Stickney commanded a company of 54 minute men; Captain Edward Farmer commanded a company of 35 men, and Lieutenant Oliver Crosby a company of 12 men, who were on duty that day, either in the engagement at Concord, or hotly pursuing the foe back through his path of blood to his refuge. John Nickles and Timothy Blanchard were wounded by the enemy.

After the constitution of the state was formed, Captain Edward Farmer was the first, and a number of years the representative of the town. He was engaged in the capture of Burgoyne's army, took an active part in the suppression of the Shay's insurrection in 1786, and was deputed to receive the oath of allegiance from the insurgents. If time permitted I would call the names of a multitude, now we trust, in the world of light and glory, high above this little shadowy region; of those of the medical and legal professions, and those who filled places of honor and trust in the church, the town and the republic, and in retired walks, "to fame unknown." We are bound to think of them to-day; how, many of our blessings are fruits of *their* toils and sacrifices, and to remember that they have made *us* debtors to those who shall live after us. At the next centennial, may our deeds, our virtues confer as rich blessings upon our successors as theirs have conferred upon us. We may predict that it will be celebrated — that your example to-day will be followed, as long as a race exists here to delight in duties of gratitude to God and to good men. Let this be, to the youth of this town, a day of manly, high

resolve, and its prosperity is sure. The greater enterprize and population of other places rivalling this cannot impoverish the soil here, nor shut out the kindly influence of the heavens ever propitious to industry. If this town has not increased in population, wealth, or celebrity, as some others have, neither has it, like some others, grown in pauperism, nor, we would trust in vices and follies that so often make populous places "great sores," where families quickly degenerate and ultimately all valuable interests decline.

One of the ablest historians,* not accused of undue partiality, bears this testimony to the early character of New England, in whose honor it is our right to share, that "the purity of *morals* completed the picture of colonial felicity. One might dwell there from year to year and not see a drunkard, or hear an oath, or meet a beggar. I have dwelt," adds this historian, "the longer on the character of the early Puritans of New England, for they are the parents of one-third of the whole white population of the United States. Their descendants (in 1834) were not far from four millions. Each family has multiplied, on the average, to one thousand souls." According to this estimate the first twelve families who settled in this town had then multiplied to twelve thousand families. The descendants of the Puritans of New England, history asserts, constitute half the population of the great states of New York and Ohio.† We heartily wish we could count here to-day a still greater number of descendants the town has contributed to adorn this broad land. It is a beautiful remark of a fine writer,

* Bancroft, Vol. 1, p. 467. † Bancroft, Vol. 1 , p. 468.

and as true as it is beautiful, that "as the river is born from the springs of heaven, so are the life and the fate of a people born from the hidden life of the home."*

Why was the success of the first colonies of New England so different from that of the Virginia and Maryland colonies? History tells us that Virginia was first attempted to be colonized by "noblemen, gentlemen and merchants, in and about London." A second attempt was made by "knights, gentlemen, and merchants in the west." It was said of *that* new country, Virginia, that heaven and earth seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation."† Yet one disaster followed another, until the colonists in despair exclaimed,—"This plantation has undergone the reproofs of the base world; our own brethren laugh us to scorn, and papists and players, the scum and dregs of the earth, mock such as help to build up the walls of Jerusalem." But different was the character of those who first planted this colony and this town with Christian homes, Christian churches and schools. "*We* (they said) are knit together as a body, in a most sacred covenant of the Lord, and by virtue whereof *we* hold ourselves straitly bound to all care of each other's good, and of the whole. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage." There was a divine power, in the *institutions* here planted, to give

"Beauty to this sun and pleasure to this day."

It has often been asserted, and is too true to be

* Bremer. † Smith, Vol. 1, p. 114.

forgotten, that in the laws establishing Common Schools, lies the grand *secret* of the success and character of New England. No other than a Christian people would have established such schools. These made the New England climate salubrious, and all the elements propitious.

The Common School System was chiefly, if not entirely, an invention of the Puritans. My own memory of it can go back more than seventy years, when the schoolmaster brought in and read the Bible, and a few psalters were the only books read by the upper class, others being furnished here and there with a few time-worn, shabby primers, adorned with coarse, frightful pictures. Fresh in my memory are the long, hard benches, from which if the hanging, naked, aching feet of the urchins were not kept still, they must feel the hickory; and when the various accommodations were equally favorable to good progress in learning. And yet, poor as they were, who can doubt that those schools were of more value to the people than the whole land would have been without them, though glittering with gems and masses of purest gold? In them was acquired some knowledge of letters, and correct first principles, good morals, habits of order and religious reverence. Every child, by the laws of the colony, by the church, and the town, was taken into the arms of tender affection to be blest as an immortal being. Well do I remember with what care and devotedness the venerated Cumings visited the schools, attending to their various exercises, giving them his kind counsels and lifting up to God for them his fervent prayers. As the town has progressed in

general improvement, with commendable liberality the schools have been sustained.

Since my remembrance the excellent Dr. Pemberton, assisted by the excellent Deacon Samuel Whiting, kept in the town an Academy of high order, in which many youth from abroad, and a very considerable number of this town, enjoyed invaluable instruction. Other schools have conferred upon the youth of this town privileges to be gratefully remembered. Within a few years the noble bequest of the Howe School has been given, an institution which, we trust, shall long continue to confer upon the youth of this town eminent advantages of education.* Many years since a liberal bequest was given by the beloved and venerated Deacon Joshua Abbot for the promotion of Sacred Music. Let devout gratitude embalm the names of each and all whose generous bequests were designed to confer blessings upon you and yours.

"May the green turf lie lightly o'er their breast!"

We wish that here were some beautiful central city of the dead to commemorate the names and the virtues of the multitude departed. Affection, reverence for religion and freedom would delight to prepare monuments where the tribute of a consoling tear might be paid to their dust.

Do we extol too highly the virtues, the character of our ancestors of Billerica,— of New England?— With *themselves* they were rigid, severe. Conscience they held sacred when they could see that its claims

* This school was founded and liberally endowed by Doctor ZADOCK HOWE, of Billerica, many years a highly respected physician of B.

were just and equal. But they were unwilling that the *individual* should overrule the *public* conscience. An instance of the first governor of the Plymouth Colony illustrates the general sentiment. He had some young men employed to labor on the public account. They refused to work on a Christmas day, under pretence that it was "against their conscience." The governor finding them at play in the street, told them that "it was against *his* conscience to allow them to *play* while others were at work, and that if they had any religious regard to the day they should show it in the exercise of devotion at home." Such was the spirit of our ancestors. They were too truly republican and Christian to allow private claims to subvert the public good. Their *principle* was right. Their penalties for offences against the public good, doubtless, may sometimes have been too *severe*.

The revealed will of God was the acknowledged supreme law of the Puritans. But who, when the public interest was concerned, was to be the interpreter of that will? They said, the majority of the people. We may wonder at their rigorous measures to guard against innovations. They felt like men, as they expressed themselves, "driven to the outside of the world, banished to the wilderness. Is it a great cruelty (said they) to expel from our abode the enemies of our peace, or even the doubtful friends? The world can not call this persecution." Who can wonder that they strenuously defended themselves against every thing that threatened them with defeat, they dreaded more than death? Sometimes they had been "compelled to burrow for their first shelter under a

hill-side, with every disadvantage subduing the forest, their herds sickening on the wild fodder, their flocks destroyed by wolves, the storms beating, day and night, through their half covered huts." Still, as history adds, "the forest rang with their psalms; and the poorest people of God in the whole world, they were resolved to excel in holiness."* Such was the infancy of a New England village.

There have been, we know, unwearied exertions to brand with obloquy the character of our ancestors. They have not yet been forgiven for their inviolable love and triumphant defence of the cause of freedom. In superstition and intolerance did they go beyond the most enlightened and civilized parts of Christendom? Let the facts of history answer. "In the years in which Scotland sacrificed hecatombs to a delusion, there were *three* victims in New England. Hardly a nation of Europe has as yet made its law so humane as that of early New England."†

More than a century before the Declaration of Independence its great, vital principles had been adopted and acted upon by our Billerica ancestors. On what other ground did they so early take measures to secure *equally* to *all*, the blessings of religion, of universal education and of protection in the pursuit of happiness? Their laws were indeed levelling,— but they levelled upwards. They required *all* the people to attend public worship, and *all* the children to be educated in the schools, and the poor man's vote to be counted the same as the rich man's in elections of rulers, and in deciding great questions of public inter-

* Bancroft, Vol. 1, pp. 366, 382. † Bancroft, p. 465.

est. Fresh in my memory is the old meeting-house of the last century, where the wealthiest and the most honored, as frequently as others, were seated on the side aisles and in the wall pews. They lived in the delightful unity of the same spirit, all assembling to be refreshed from "the unfalsified wells of truth and beauty." Within a few rods of this spot stood "that central church of affection and good deeds," in which by diligently and faithfully worshipping, we hope none ever lost heaven.

If the religion of the present age be truer, better, happier, than that of the past, may God give it prosperity and perpetuity. Parties in religion and politics, in this state of imperfection, ever have been. *We* would not blindly worship the glory of the past, nor be dazzled by the splendor of the present age. As descendants of honored fathers it may well become us to remember the caution of Plutarch to Trajan, that "the *faults* of the child be not unjustly imputed to the master, or the parent." And yet there are *hereditary* evils, or at least sins and vices *transmissible* by education, more surely than by blood. "Seneca, the wise teacher, was reproached, and his fame suffered for the vices of Nero." The fame of Quintilian was injured by the bad conduct of his scholars, "and even Socrates was accused of negligence in the education of Alcibiades." If our ancestors had faults,— by excelling them in virtue let us do honor to the glorious inheritance they left us. This is the glory of our lineage, that we may trace it up to one all-perfect Father. As we are soon to part from this consecrated scene of sweet and hallowed

memories, and of many tender and sacred associations, let it be as those to be separated only by distance of place, and not in affectionate remembrance and interest. Let us go as rays of the sun, as elements from heaven to give life, and fresh vigor and beauty to the scenes where our various lot is cast, and to think often of meeting again in pleasures more exalted than are known to the children of earth.

We may, I trust, without invidious boasting, many of us, unite in rendering thanks to God that in this town the light of heaven first shone upon us;— that here the early ministries of parental love first cherished our powers of thought;— and here may we all bring to delighted memory the holy and beautiful spirits who watched around our cradle, and toiled, and wept, and prayed, that we might become good, true and happy men and women.

Never may a son or a daughter of this good old town stay in it, or go from it, but with high principles of duty, and wise examples to confer worth and happiness upon others. If the next centennial shall not be more blest and happy than this, let not the reproach be ours. The moment of parting may suitably remind us of that well known, beautiful device of two lovers, about to be separated by distance, for an unknown length of time. "They agreed, that at a given hour of every day they would turn their eyes towards one of the great luminaries of heaven, that they might have the pleasure each of thinking, that the eyes of the other at the same moment, were directed to the same object." No less just or beautiful was the device of Lycurgus, near the close of life, in

assembling the Spartans, after having given them excellent laws to promote their virtue and happiness, requiring of them a solemn pledge, that they would inviolably observe them. They were so far faithful to that pledge, that they and their children were superior to all Greece in government at home, and in reputation abroad, during the space of five hundred years. Let me ask you, with me, to give, before this presence, *our* solemn pledge,— that *we* will be true to the great principles of religion and of freedom, in which our Billerica ancestors, in perils, and prayers, and sacrifices, founded the institutions, which have made this town most valuable in possession, most dear to the memory of their descendants ;— most worthy to adorn a page in the world's history, and to be gratefully celebrated at every centennial of those who shall live after us.

POEM

BY DANIEL PARKER, M. D.

I.

When called upon to speak to-day,
I hesitated some to say
I would. But presently I thought
I might, and could, and would, and ought,
To try the thing at any rate,
Though it might prove no very great
Affair. The matter over some
I thought, but could not make it come
To suit. How warp and woof to weave,
I could not readily conceive.
My poor Pegasus which had been
Whip'd into *racking* now and then,
Had been so long so lame and lazy,
And thought by some a *little crazy;*
I feared I could not safely ride,
Or in a proper manner guide,
For this occasion.
I brushed him down and led him out,
But found he had the *halt* and *gout.*
I leaped astride the creature's back
But could not move him sheet or tack;
He stood stock still, nor prick nor pinch,
Would make the rascal budge an inch.

Well, what to do I did not know,
I vowed I'd not be cheated so,
I'd borrow first, and have it shown,
I had none trusty of my own.

II.

I set me in my old arm chair,
To see what I could think of there.
I fell to musing high and deep,
But presently fell fast asleep;
Or into some like blessed state,
Where pains and grievances abate;
Where dreams bridge o'er the streams of toil and strife,
Between the inner and the outer life.
These angels traverse on their journies here
With messages of love from kindred dear.

III.

I passed them o'er and saw a sight,
That filled me with supreme delight.
Impressions strange came over me,
And quickly I could hear and see.
A glorious vision then I had,
Which made me happy, free and glad.
The air was clear, serene and mild,
And hills and valleys sweetly smiled.
A host of men approached me near,
And spoke, and bid me nothing fear.
In shining robes they stood around,
On what, to me, looked holy ground.
I saw familiar faces too,
Of old, and young, I *thought* I knew.
But three câme forward of the crowd,
And stood upon a shining cloud,
Which moved towards me slowly near,
Till quite distinctly I could hear
Their rich-toned pleasant voices.

IV.

Two of the three, strange faces wore ;
But one, I thought, I'd seen before.
One looked just like a Puritan,—
Another, like an Indian,—
The last, a clergyman of note,
Who long here godly sermons wrote.
The first a little nearer came,
And Cotton Mather called his name.
He said they'd come to talk with me,
About our coming Jubilee.
"We'll now instruct you what to say,
On your centennial festal day.
We know some things to you unknown,
So take your pen and write them down :
'Twill save your fame and credit much,
What little there is due of such."
I told him what he'd better do,
Be civil to acquaintance new ;
That his theology and mine,
Would not by any means combine.
But I got paper, pen and ink,
Right glad I'd found some one to think,
And tell me what to do and say,
Acceptable to you to-day.

V.

I told him first he must agree,
To keep of his old nonsense free ;
And none of his witch stories tell,
For we could do without as well.
Of stumbling blocks he'd piled enough,
To make all paths to heaven rough.
And, also, if he still held on
To what he once relied upon,
That he should not compose a line,
For me to write as his or mine.
He said "that's now an old affair,
I'm nearer you than you're aware.

Death took me out of my old fog,
And gave my intellect a jog.
My old opinions you should know,
Were all discarded long ago.
Of my witch-hangings I'm ashamed,
I wonder I'm *so little* blamed.
What I did then, full well I know,
Gave my theology a blow,
Which made it totter, reel and moan,
And crippled it for life half grown.
My bug-bear devils that once loomed so high,
I've seen all vanish and to *nothing, die.*

My errors are forsaken and forgiven,
Yet *very tight* the squeeze was into heaven.
Now say no more, but hark awhile to me,
Be quick and write just what I speak to thee."
And now I'll try to give you word for word,
The truthful sayings I clairandiant heard.

VI.

"Two hundred years! two hundred years away!
What thought and speech have they for you to-day?
Two hundred times have winter snows been drear,
So many times have harvest-homes been dear.
Two hundred times have birds returned to sing
Their gleesome songs, and word of seed-time bring.
So many times has come the flowery May,
And scattered fragrant blossoms since the day
Your brave forefathers settled on that spot,
And thought their portion there a pleasant lot.
Those stern stout-hearted puritans subdued,
That, then, uncultivated solitude.
Upon that hill the woodlands first were cleared,
And there, to God, their first rude church was reared.
Just two long centuries ago they came
Together there, and took their corporate name,
Which ever since respectable has been,
For grace and godliness and worthy men."

VII.

"Time's restless wheels have rolled your landscape o'er,
Since congregated there your fathers knelt
To God (six generations past, or more,)
And spoke such prayers as souls of pilgrims felt.
Yet fair and beautiful we see it bloom,—
Each year of progress has its beauties strown.
On gentle breezes borne o'er fragrant meads,
The echoes of the Past move still along;
And from old graves come whisperings of deeds,
Long-ages lasting in immortal song.
Yes! those old graves your fathers' dust contain,
But not their souls,— *they* did not sink, but rose,
A higher life and liberty to gain,
Where angels bright in spirit realms repose."

VIII.

"These spirits here — this white-robed band,
Who scorned the bigot's blow,
You see here now around me stand,
Their love for you to show.
They cherish what they loved,
When in the flesh they moved,
And high the banner of their faith unfurled,
To float in radiance from the spirit world."

"Here Pastors are from realms of light,
Where once they taught you, robed in white.
The just, more perfect made, would rest,
And by the Holy One be blest.
Here are some worthies of the May Flower crew,
To mind you of the Pilgrims, when they drew
Their bark ashore, when winter clouds let down
The drifting snow; and storms in fiercest frown
Had all the face of nature dressed,
To meet the mariner distressed,
By an inclement voyage.
How steadfast eye and dauntless heart,

Dared with the joys of home to part,
And for their faith to die."

"No pillar'd fire these dare-go men,
Led forth from bondage sore; but when
They launched their ship upon the waves,
Resolved to be no longer slaves,
Or bear the everlasting pains
Of bigot's yokes, and smarting chains;
Good unseen angels from their Egypt led,
And cheered them whilst for promised land they fled;
Sustained by faith, and hope, and prayer,
Resolved to trust God's watchful care,
And dare the billowy surging deep,
Regardless of their doom;—
They sought to God's commandments keep,
And find a peaceful tomb."

"From blazing fagots piled the stake around
They heard their burning brethren cry;
And from the rack of breaking bones the sound,
Where christian heroes bravely die.
A dreadful sight,—
An awful night
Of mental darkness shrouded all
The land, and like a funeral pall,
Spread over church and state,
With streaming eyes a rare-known band,
Bid home adieu,
And trusted in an unknown land,
To find a new."

"They found the new, of "milk and honey" bare,
All landscapes wore a savage dress;
Their faith was sure and strong that God was there,
And would their lives protect and bless.
They faltered not,
But bore their lot
Like martyrs for a righteous cause,

Uncrocked by despot's bloody laws,
And priestcraft's wickedness.
The church had ground all truth to powder,
And reveled in its lust;
And sought to blast its cannons louder,
To fright its "worms of dust."

IX.

"On Pilgrim Rock where billows roar,
And foam, and beat the barren shore;
The Indian saw the pale-face land,
Put down the knee — raise up the hand —
Then heard him pray, as *well* he could,
For every daily needed good.
Such hero-men, how rare, how few,
The war-worn ages bring to view,
Along the path of time.

They came unknowing what the coming meant,
Saw not the great God-work for which they went.
We'll tell you now for what they left all dear,
And shed for old "sweet home" a parting tear.
Old Europe blind, and in foul dungeons chained,
No light, or life, or progress there was gained.
But Progress *must* have room in spite of kings,
And priests, with all their bolts, and bars, and rings.
Mankind out through red seas of blood and fire,
Must go, if need be, on its mission higher.
The church strap'd all to its Procrustean bed,
And hewed, and hacked, and stamped all doubters dead;
And with its iron heel all freedom crushed,
And quickly out all lights of science brushed.
The *Church* and State, *two thieves in blood well dyed,*
Between which *Truth* was daily *crucified.*
Some better now they are, but not *too much,*
To us they seem to be akin to such.
God's own pure thoughts the laws of nature are,
'Tis well to heed them with especial care.
The *hour* and men dare-devil for the hour

Had come :— stout hearts of pope-defying power.
The world enchanted, sleeping, gaping wide,
Stooped low its shoulders for the priests to ride.
They dared a blow to rouse its lethargy,
Despising rack and stake,— they *must* be free,—
Must boldly face their fate — the wrath — the woe
That waited them. Unshrinking forth they go
To plant a nation far beyond the waves,
Then sink, perchance, to lone unhonored graves.
They dreamed not then what tales of them would live
Through all then future time.

Could they have seen the visions bright,
Far on beyond their dawning sight;
How Progress took with them her way,
And what would come of that *some* day;
How millions on Columbia's plains,
Would shout in more than mortal strains,
Their daring deeds from shore to shore,
And sing their praises evermore :—
Temptations had been strong enough,
To make them brave an ocean rough,
And home with cannibals.
But no bright visions blest their eyes,
All gloomy, cheerless, earth and skies.
Each day and night home-sickness lent,
And dark was all the way they went.
The frightful Indian all night hidious made,
And all day, fearful was their ambuscade."

X.

"Yet like the rock on which they landed, strong
And steadfast there they stood alone :
And with the elements a warfare long
They held till nearly all were gone.
Though griefs and terrors sternest faces paled,
And anguish wrung the heaving breast;
Their flag of faith was at the mast head *nailed*,
And with that faith they found their rest.

When hungry wolves about their huts would howl,
And naught but famine near, seemed sure ;
When tempests lowered and wore a fearful scowl,
And hope scarce longer *could* endure ;
When fathers told with quivering lips their fears,
And thought all surely lost but Heaven ;
When mothers pressed their babes to frozen tears,
And life seemed all to sorrow given ;
They knelt upon the flooring bare
And told their woes ;
There sought relief in earnest prayer,—
There found repose."

XI.

" What spot of earth *such* prayers *could* know,
As often there were said ?
What place so worthy heaven below,
For offerings to be laid ?
There Progress found a place to grow —
Grew slow at first, but *sure :*
They thought not then what that would show,
Which would all time endure.
An empire great they planted there,
Destined to monstrous wealth and power.
What priceless blessings now you share,
Which come of what was done that hour ;
The hour that iron bands were burst,
Which bound the soul to death and dust ;
The hour that *Liberty* could tell
Its tales abroad, and peans swell,
Which now all thrones and kingdoms shake,
And to their doom bid tyrants wake ;
The hour young Freedom high to Heaven,
Held up its hands, and strength was given,
And power to run a mighty race,
And blast its horns in every tyrants face."

XII.

"Progress law is here and there —
Heaven's law — true every where.
Now it rouses all the nations
Far to earth's remotest stations.
See the dreaming slowly wake,
See old kingdoms fearful shake,—
Progress grown to manhood stands,
With Reformers shaking hands."

"At the doors of tyrants knocking,
Sebastopols and pontiffs mocking;
From that day of pilgrim landing,
These may date their feebler standing.
Now it flies from west to east,
Light'ning-like its speed increased;
Monarchs fear — obey they must,
Man *must* rise above the dust."

"Free from dungeon doors and bars,
Now it steps aboard the cars,
Makes morning calls on nations,
Along their scattered stations :—
Goes to China and Japan,
Tells her story, shows her plan :—
So all round the broad creations,
Scatters fast her Revelations."

"Onward spreads its westward way,
Round the earth its plans to lay;
Speaks of all its deeds at home —
Those gone by, and those to come :
Deeds the grandest done below,
Since it first began to grow.
From old nations mummified,
Out it came to Freedom guide."

"There it found a place to talk,
Place where it unchained could walk;

Place where noble souls could dwell ;
Place where such developed well ;
Place where souls could souls discern ;
Place where mind of mind could learn ;
Place where Liberty's glad race,
Found a lasting resting place."

XIII.

" Be just now and honor the pilgrims of old,
Whose fame your best poets so often have told.
Let Progress forever for them loose her tongue,
And mind that their praises go never unsung.
Forever and ever their story should live,
And light-flashing-radiance to liberty give ;
Through all coming ages should laurels be twined,
And round their immortal, dear mem'ries confined."

XIV.

" By centuries now you count the years gone by,
Since red men heard the pilgrim mother's sigh ;
And when to past eternity have rolled
A hundred more, their fame shall still be told.
So Progress onward shall forever sound,
The tidings to a world in error bound.
On Telegraph — on iron ship and rail,
The words shall go to make all pontiffs pale.
Broad as the sunshine o'er the earth is spread,
Shall praises for their benefits be said.
Progress is the theme to-day —
Onward, upward, strive away,
Bear it on a banner high,
Bright to beam on every eye."

" 'Tis time that heathenism cease to draw,
Men's sight, and love, and sense, from truth and law.
Let go the Old, and grapple with the New,—
'Tis clearer much — much better for you too.
Your souls are like rich garments outside in,—

Show knots and seams, and patchwork spots of sin.
Now turn them quickly right side out to light,
You'll view them then with pleasure and delight.
Young science now protect with watchful care,—
Bask in her light, she's made you what you are."

XV.

"He bowed, and ceased to speak, then turned away,
And his communications closed.
He said he'd more to tell some other day,
When I of this had well disposed.
They held a council short together then,
And soon another spirit came,
Shook hands and spoke with me. He told me when
On earth, King Philip was his name.
He said the Indian's council fires were gone,
And like those fires had they retired."

"The doomed and wronged I've come to talk about;—
Tell why revenge their bosoms fired;
And why for vengeance were their war-whoops heard,
And death and devastation spread.
The red man trusted in the white man's word;—
He played him false — for this he bled.
But here we mingle, undeceived, in love
And harmony. No war-cries here
Are heard. No knives or battle-axes move
Our spirits now to hate or fear."

I know you have, I said, been treated wrong;—
Good faith has not been kept with you.
I've read quite often both in prose and song,
Your grievances. The tales are true.

"I know," he said, "your friendship for our race;
This led me here to talk with you;
I'm glad to meet you here this time and place,
To say a word I think may do.
Remembered should the Indian's trials be;—
Your dwelling place was once his own.

But Progress came and he must fight, and flee,
And die, and be to fame unknown.
Though sad the story, yet it told should be ;—
Though useless let him have his own.
Now write my message down as this you hear !
Tell all you wish to, what I say.
Two centuries ago I lived quite near
The spot you dwell upon to-day."

XVI.

" One moment's heed I'd have you give ;
One line which may in memory live,
Some longer yet of him who fed
The pilgrims oft with corn and bread.
Great stores of wealth and power you own,
In every clime your flag is known.
You've mental wealth to sate the mind ;—
You've luxuries of every kind.
Great loads of gratitude you've paid,
To those who long ago well laid
The strong foundations broad on land,
Whereon your nation long may stand,
And flash her light around the earth,
Proclaiming a new era's birth.
And may not now a word be said,
Of him on whose old graves you tread ?
Of him who like your Washington,
Did as he did, what *could* be done ?
Of him who shelter gave, and bread,
To those who from oppression fled ?

Who once roamed monarch o'er those hills and streams,
Enjoyed his freedom and his loves and dreams ?
Whose dauntless heart was offered with his hand,
And cheerful welcome to his rich wild land ?
We saw it wrested from us day by day,
And found, full soon, that we must pass away.
They called us savage ! said we ought to die !
Though we gave heed and pity to their cry."

XVII.

"We struggled to regain
Our rights — our rights maintain.
We never could be slaves,
Or go to cowards' graves:
But living, would be free;
Or dying — heroes be.
Slave chains we could not bear;—
Fetters we *would* not wear:—
So the war-whoop loud we sounded,
Over hill and dale it bounded.
Quick the arrow sped its flight;—
On we hastened to the fight."

"Our fathers' graves!— we loved them well!
We fought for home, and fighting fell.
No other measures *could* we try;
We knew that we *must* fight or die.
Then pity show for our sad fate,—
Your censure and your blame abate.
We fought th' invaders of our land,
But could not long the contest stand.
Our doom was fixed,— depart we must,
But was that stern commandment *just?*
Your smiling hills were once our own;
We loved them — and *we made it known.*
Your fathers fought invaders bold;
That story, long and well you've told.
The Indian's praise to you may sing,
Who taught them how to do the thing.
You owe him more than you're aware —
He gave you more than he could spare."

"You've got our land and should be just,
You can afford it well.
Your home (remember that you must,)
Was ours — our place to dwell
In peace, and sing our songs, and pray
To our Great Sachem Grand,

Our Spirit Father far away,
Who rules the spirit land.
The Indian had a soul! O yes!
Knew how a soul to prize;
Had foes of outrage shown him less,
It had been quite as wise.
He had a heart and hand to lend,
He kept both open wide;
His spirit firm no load could bend,
He bowed not — till he died."

"He saw the dark cloud blacken fast,
He heard its thunders roll;
He felt its light'nings flash and blast,
And burn his very soul.
His axe and scalping knife he ground,
And strung his trusty bow;
The war-cry up flew swiftly round,
And brought the dreadful blow.
Was that savage? was that worse play
Than we received from you?
You burnt and pillaged night and day,
With hands as bloody too.
The mad'ning sight fired up his rage —
His fierce revenge awoke;
Raging to any foe engage,
Who could such rage provoke.
Whole-soul resolved to kill his foes,
Or drive them from his soil;
He'd gain his freedom by his blows
Or die and end the toil.

So stood your fathers when th' oppressors came,
And wrapt your dwellings in consuming flame.
Great vengeance then each breast thrill'd through and through,
And nerved each heart and arm the work to do.
'Freedom or death' around the welkin sounded,
And on from hill to hill the echoes bounded,
Round and round the tidings ran,
Till up and armed stood every man."

XVIII.

"You pile great honors on those 'matchless men,'
Who met the foe, and fought, and triumphed, when
The odds were great, the hours were sad and dark,
With not one shot to spare to miss the mark.
You sing of those great hero men laid low
On battle-grounds, which filled the land with woe.
And rock on rock to dizzy heights you raise,
In honor of the dead whose deeds you praise.
Your orators are eloquent and grand,
And 'live or die' *your* liberty shall stand.
Then condescend one brother-tear to show,
For him who rose, as you rose, long ago,
Bare-breasted to the war-storm's bloody hounds,
To drive th' invaders from his hunting grounds.
These he would save,
Or make his grave,
And join the hunters in the spirit land."

"Yes, drop one tear for them, with you no more,
They 've gone and left you to their fate deplore.
The plow and anvil, rail-road car and loom,
Are busy now where we once had the room.
The woodman's axe the forest levels down,
And blooming fields the hills and valleys crown,
We, once their lords, in spirit vales find rest.
And wait our race's *last one* from your west."

"Our foot-prints are wearing and vanishing fast,
And soon of proud red men you'll plow out the last.
Full soon on their last prarie-chase they will go,
Nor return from the death of the last buffalo.
Pity the Indian then and forgive,
And let his good deeds with your history live.
Remember your God was his God to adore,
That all men are brothers his presence before."

XIX.

"All trace of him should not be lost to you,
Record his deeds and look their meanings through.

Some good was in him,— bear that good along,
Forget his crimes that came of grievous wrong.
You have his lands, your plows his graves molest;
He gave you part, and then you took the rest.
You boast full loud, you call your's freedom's home,
And bid the exiled from all nations come.
But yet the land you make slave hunting grounds,
Where men to tear you loose your bloody hounds.
A Nero danced, one day, for Rome afire,
Some eighteen hundred years, I think, ago;
And now your wicked Congress laws require,
A penalty for those who mercy show.
Full mournful deeds are these for future times,
You 've loads as many quite as we of crimes.
Some millions now stout hands raise up to heaven,
To clutch down vengeance for the hearts you 've riven.
They'll soon lay hold of it and down 't will go,
Then stand from under that destructive blow.
That sum of all base villainies combined,
Weighs like a mill-stone 'round your necks confined.
Not all unblackballed is your liberty;
That great 'black spider cancer' *slavery*,
Roots through each vital part,
And cankers round the heart.
You might have stood in its bright noon-day blaze,
Full worthy sons of sires of other days.
You 've boundless lands, wide-spread from shore to shore,
And boundless coasts whereon the oceans roar.
The Indian's war-whoop you no longer fear;
No hostile nations dare approach you near.
The prowling night-bears harm no more the sheep,
No midnight wolves disturb your quiet sleep.
Great monuments you have to mark each spot,
To mind of deeds you would not have forgot.
And eloquent they *were* of patriots' deeds of fame,
But *slave hounds nose them* and they stand for shame.
O this is sick'ning! let us leave the sight!
It makes your day-time look so much like night.

That cancer! O that cancer cut out away,
Or else 't will *kill! you'll find that out some day.*"

XX.

" All gone! the red man darkens not your doors,
No foot-prints show that he once walked your shores.
Go mount the pile on yonder hill so high!
Look round upon the water, earth and sky!
Try then and see if you can quite forget,
The friendly welcome that your fathers' met,
When all defenceless they were driven here,
Late in the evening of a dying year.
Look off on that ship-dotted bay at hand!
Around which rich and prosperous cities stand;
See sunny vales where radiant waters flow!
See how like magic past the steamers go!
See east and west across the ocean pour
Into your lap vast treasures from their store.
See wires string like spider-threads the air,
Throughout the land, to instant tidings bear,
From any place, whatever word you choose,
They get and bring and print you off the news.
Your costly steamers through all oceans plow,
And 'mongst the nations you stand foremost now.
Look on all this! and then forget how much
You owe the pilgrim and his friend for such."

XXI.

He ceased to speak, then faded from my sight,
In graceful movements through the realms of light.
Then came the other with his pleasant smile,
And said he'd talk with me a little while.
He asked me if I recollected who
He was. I told him that I thought I knew.
You look like Doctor Cummings; yet you seem
Too young. Say! is it you? or has some dream
Come over me? all this seems very queer;
It seems as though I well could see and hear,

And yet this meeting looks an odd affair,
The like of which I've seen not anywhere.

"All right! I'm just the man you take me for,—
I'm younger now than when my flesh you saw.
The spirit ne'er grows old or blind,
The body only clogs the mind;
When free from that we're young again,
And evermore our youth retain.
I thought I'd come for old acquaintance sake,
And say a word your poem out to make.
Now give an ear to what I say,
And write it for your festal day."

XXII.

"I've dear relations who yet dwell with you,
I'll pray and preach as I was wont to do;
Though not just like the things I used to tell,
They're quite as good, but may not take as well.
I used to pray that all might *fear* the Lord,
And look to Heaven for their great reward.
But now I pray you cast out fear with love,
And *know* enough to need no faith to move
This mountain or the other, here or there;
No *trust in faith* is wisdom anywhere.
Get *wisdom true* and wrap your souls about,
'Twill keep them safe beyond all fear or doubt.
'Tis Ignorance alone one need to fear,
That's all the devil I know there or here.
Be not by selfishness forever moved,
Be lovable, and surely you'll be loved.
The poison weeds of vulgar fame keep clear,
They grow in quagmires and by cess-pools near.
This popularity 's idle wind
Too oft to *vacuums* rushing *deaf* and *blind*.
All rabble squalls of dust and thunder shun;
No God is there, and wicked work is done.
From their dark night of ignorance and strife,
Mankind are merging now from death to life.

Give me with *Truth* one hour's communion sweet,
'Tis worth the life-time's joy the thoughtless greet.
Keep not the golden calf so in your eye,
The worship kills, you lose your souls thereby.
As camels through small needle-eyes move slow,
So mammon's devotees to heaven must go.
That's now the bane of all your hopes and joys,
Your mammon worship all your peace destroys.
Of Heaven's high mettled horse that leaps the stars,
You'd make a dray and harness to your cars.
You'd better play familiar with his mane,
Much faster so you'd praise and pleasure gain.
For nature says 'heed well the way you go!
Hold fast to me if you would wiser grow!
Hold on your course! heed well your Maker's will!"
If blows come thick and fast and hard, hold still.
Ofttimes the good and true must *walk* aside,
And see the shallow dunce to favors *ride*.
But men are pleased with drums and rattles yet,
Quite free from leading strings but few can get.
When Moses went and left his charge alone,
A man-made leader at his station shone.
How many now are just required to be
By tailors made,— outside enough to see.
When will your clothes-philosophy subside,
And sense and reason in its stead preside?
Some longer yet you must alone progress,
And bear "temptations in the wilderness."
But fast, and pray, and work, you know the way,
And crowns of thorns are not the worst of pay.
Full many clogs and hindrances you find,
But waver not! my council bear in mind!
Where petrified phrenology can live,
'Tis time that heaven should some instruction give.
Of all the foes that live men have to dread,
They are the worst, your cold unburied dead.
Ofttimes the heart must bear afflictive blows,
Before its God-made destiny it knows.

Great moral courage now your course requires,
The world a cross for Saviours still desires.
Take heed that wickedness don't all employ,
And Goth and Hun come down and all destroy.
That cloudy embrio state you worry through,
You make too noisy and too stormy too.
The lights and shades appear too glaringly,—
Your thunders rattle in too high a key.
It should not be so far from *up* to *down*,
God loves the king no better than the clown.
Look not 'Defenders of the Faith' up to,
Go right to God and learn there what to do.
Go cleanse the *outer* man of its disease,
Then Reason's dictates will the *inner* please.
Religion comes as easy as your breath,
When free from physical and moral death.
Your world in spasms rolls its eyes about,
And old Theology can't help it out.
Much 'peace on earth' as yet it fails to bring,
It ne'er had sense enough to do that thing.
Its past dark history three words will tell,—
Just three familiar words, 'Cain killed Abel.'"

XXIII.

"I pray you now be good and wise,—
All wise to know where duty lies.
Wise enough to make you free,
From all that brings adversity.
Free from all tyrants great and small,
From slavery the worst of all.
Of infidelity keep clear:—
No bigot's traps go near;
No soul-crush creeds abide,
But aye in Love and Truth confide."

"Fear naught but ignorance and sin,
No other things will harm;
Watch all their movements out and in,
And all their guards disarm.

A subtler snare than kings can lay,
Is lurking by your side ;
The Pontiff's minions work their way
Around you far and wide."

XXIV.

Beware of bigots for they crush and kill,
Just give them leave to act their way and will.
The rack, the stake and faggots don't forget,
Keep watch and ward, there's some life in them yet.
Nor let a craft that works by stealth mole-blind,
Warp its death hampers round the mind.
Unfettered walk upon your pleasant hills,
And live more god-like as your maker wills.
That when two centuries more have passed away,
There may be some good things of you to say.
For what you leave behind your children look,
But what you send before is all we book.
Wash clean your freedom of its crocks and scars,
Raise not so many clouds to dim your stars.
There's work gigantic for your age to do,
To raise men up to their position true ;
Where men by men may hence be seen and known,
And "work be worship" and each find his own.
That useful school, built up by Doctor Howe,
Make that the place to learn this lesson now.
Let there the cry be heard, more light! more light!
To find the way where all may walk upright.
Then revelations grand you'll hear and see,
And be but little less than angels free.
More Liberty and Law will then be known,
The "Higher Law" which gives to each his own.
The *Light* of learning then around will shine,
Where now its *Darkness* looks to you Divine.
Then Temperance and Truth and Law will lead,
To industry and wealth for every need.
Then woman will her place and rights obtain,
And all more truth and light from Heaven will gain.

Then wisdom's ways will have the reverence,
That now all goes to shillings and to pence.
(Your dollar and your cent philosophy,
Makes hate and hell where should be harmony.)
Let each himself, and God aright discern,
Then right, forever, each may teach and learn.
Then "Love ye one another" 'll be your creed,
And bring you joys from Heaven, all you need.
Then peace and love will make a happy life,
And banish from the earth its foolish strife.
Then men will cease to cheat their souls of all
True wealth, and down, down, down forever fall.
Then each his neighbor will refuse to pain,
But each give heaven,—and each his own obtain.
'*My people don't consider what they do!*'
No truer words e'er mortal lips came through.
It seems to you as though a God unjust,
Made all things wrong, and so *go* wrong they must.
But why be always looking BACK for light?
From low to high is law—all good and right.
Then look ahead! what is the ark to thee?
Or Pharaoh and his hosts in that red sea?
All Eden gardens are *this* side of you,
As you would SEE upon a close FRONT view,
Where all is turmoil like a miser's soul,
Where dark, dead seas o'er burried Sodoms roll
Where crushed humanity all bloody lies,
Let no "Madonna-winking" fix your eyes.
That old antiquity grasp by its beard
Demanding why it should be longer feared.
A brighter light to-day than ever shone,
Shines *clear* to souls who faith in Progress own:
Who mind the loud cock-crowing *now* to rise,
And greet this light with more clairvoyant eyes;
Clairaudiant ears for revelations new,
Which come to faithful souls upright and true.
These must go on! no power can bind this law!
As well move back Niagara with a *straw*.

Right forward! upward! points your destiny,
And onward! onward! through eternity!
Be good and you'll see 'good in every thing;'
To preachers true the stones will sermons bring.
'A manufactory of souls,' the earth they'll see,
Whose 'store-house' in the Spirit Land must be.
There must the 'Harvest-home' be stored some day,
Into the 'House not made with hands' away.
Man's life is not a 'fleeting sham or show,'
Where he can nothing but delusion know.
The worth of human souls! who *that* can tell?
One might compute the universe as well!
Could man but know what else he was but sinner,
"He might invite the universe to dinner!"
That knowledge! O get that! the thing you need!
Then you yourselves and all things else may read.
A thought of God in vestments clothed is man
As feathered birds are 'songs with wings.'
A key stone to the arch that heavens span,
And to himself he draws and binds all things."

XXV.

"Your birth-place once was home to me,
And so will long remembered be.
A long half-century and more,
The bread of life I spread before
Your fathers there. Through weal and woe,
I pointed them the way to go,
As well as by my light I could,
But not so faultless as I should,
Could I have known what now I know,
About soul-saving there below.

XXVI.

I loved that bright, that pleasant spot,
Where fortune fixed my favored lot.
I loved the stern old patriots there,
Who did for freedom quite their share.

Who constant as the day came round,
Were faithful to their worship found.
(To name them all would take too long,
Should that be either right or wrong.)
I loved the faithful worthy men
And women I had charge of then.
I loved their dwelling places old,
Where oft I've heard their stories told,
About the long war's bloody strife,
And how the British run for life.
About old Europe's bloody creeds,
And of their own great-daring deeds.
I loved the grand old trees near by
With leafy arms stretched up so high.
I loved your rivers, pretty streams,
Of which you've had such pleasant dreams.
I loved their dear associations,
And never tired of their relations.
I see them now and love them too,
So all your spirit kindred do.
The spirit ne'er can be in truth,
So old as to forget its youth."

XXVII.

"A few more words and we will close,
And of this talk, for now, dispose.
Take my advice,— early and late,
The flower of reason cultivate.
In superstition's wilderness,
It blooms the waking soul to bless.
The monstrous genii of the Past,
To fright and kill, have loomed their last.
New Revelations now abroad,
Must take their places, and keep ward,
That tales of them no more are told,
To frighten children young or old.
Let no horizon henceforth of them show
A trace. Down to oblivion let them go!

And perish in their night of ignorance,
To faster Reason's risen day advance.
Pure Reason's standard, aye to nature true,
May well point the way you should pursue.
No other way can take you right to Heaven,—
All gospels to adjust, this light was given."

XXVIII.

"Speak out *your* thoughts in words like cannon balls,
Full charged with Truth to beat down error's walls.
Ne'er mind the cloth, or milk-and-water fare,
There'll compensation come enough *somewhere*.
What though for bread your children plead in tears;
What's that short pain, to joys of endless years?
You'll better know, some day, how things to share,
There's quite enough for all, and much to spare.
Your hard life-battle that seems now so rough,
When you get *here*, will all look well enough.
The horse *you* ride was not for market raised,
He *bears no harness*, so is seldom praised.
The nag that heeds 'Miss Grundy's' bit and rein,
Will praise and provender much faster gain.
Yes! yes! speak out the Truth! 'tis worth your while,
Though 't takes strong teeth to stand old Michael's file."

XXIX.

"When Billerica's next century-day comes round,
May she in righteousness and truth be sound.
May this be said:— She saw the herald star,
That spoke a better day, when craft and war
Would cease, and men BE men of honor high,
And *soul; and such as had no souls, would die*.
Her honest industry her comforts brought,
And wisdom's words for her salvation wrought.
She looked straight forward by the light of Heaven,
Turned open ears to all its councils given.
She had for human rights supreme regard,
And practiced virtue for its own reward.

Her homes were happy, full of joy and gladness,
And righteousness relieved them all of sadness.
She had of blessings many showers,
And strewed her paths with fragrant flowers.
Eyes right! on nature's Open Book she stood,
And worshipped God, and *every thing was good.*
There some great Truth she read in every line,
And found her Revelations *all Divine.*"

XXX.

He paused,— then spoke some moments with his friends,
Then said to me —"before our meeting ends
I'll say, your Jubilee we shall attend,—
The spirit world will delegations send.
We love to linger round that dear old spot,
Once known and loved, *can never be forgot.*
Your fathers, kindreds, friends, we'll be there then,
So see that you conduct like worthy men."
He passed away, and shortly I awoke,
And found *I'd written all the words they spoke.*
I looked them over, jumped and run,
So glad to find my Poem done.

After the Poem, a recess of thirty minutes took place, when the procession was again formed, of the invited guests and others holding tickets, under the direction of the Chief Marshal, and escorted to the table which had been amply spread under the tent by A. W. Leonard, of Lowell, and again called to order by the President. The Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. George Proctor, of Billerica, and nearly a thousand persons sat down to the repast.

EXERCISES AT THE TABLE.

After ample justice had been done to the viands upon the table, and the wants of the inner man fully refreshed, the President calling the assembly to order, desired their attention to the regular sentiments, which were then read by the Toast-masters, and responded to in the following order:—

REGULAR SENTIMENTS.

No. 1.— The day we celebrate.

Response by the Band.

No. 2.— *Our Ancient Commonwealth.*— We render to our Parent State the gratitude of our hearts, and we pledge our highest endeavors to advance her interests, and keep her reputation unsullied.

Responded to by Hon. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, of Groton.

Mr. President:— It seemed to me proper that the distinguished gentleman who specially represents the Commonwealth should respond to this sentiment; but the Committee of Arrangements have been pleased to think otherwise, and on this occasion and in this matter I am their servant and submit to their opinion.

The character of the State is some part of the character of every citizen; and the character of each citizen is some part of the character of the State. Men al-

ways differ concerning their own age, their own country, their own neighborhood; but when events become historical, disputes are less frequent and are usually settled in a purer spirit. Massachusetts has a distinguished reputation and this we are to keep unsullied. It is not indeed possible that any people can be right at all times and upon all subjects; but the general historical judgment of the world is not fixed by these exceptional circumstances so much as by the common course of events.

Massachusetts has been fortunate; yet the character which she in two centuries has formed is not the result of any single fact in her history, but of the happy combination of high qualities of citizenship, government and religion. We have had a free religion, a system of free schools, a substantial equality of political rights, and moreover labor has always been spared the taunt of servility to which it is subject in aristocratic and slaveholding countries. On this basis Massachusetts has built up her character, whatever it is; and on this basis that character is to stand. We do not so much need new systems or new principles of policy as a more rigid adherence to the systems and principles already established.

No. 3.— *The Plough.*— Its *one* Share in a bank of earth is worth *ten* in a bank of paper.

Responded to by Hon. Simon Brown, of Concord.

Mr. President:— It is always gratifying to me to speak of my favorite Art — and it is particularly so on such an occasion and before such an audience as this. I call it an *Art;* but it is not purely so, because to be a *good* farmer requires some knowledge of many of

the *sciences*, as well as of the Arts. The mechanic is greatly aided by strict mathematical guides, and the professional man is surrounded by forms and rules which lead him along in the same course which others have trod for thousands of years. But it is not so with the farmer. There are few rules to guide him, and little that he does at one time is positively reliable at any other, because the circumstances under which he labors are so variable. He enters his fields with the great book of Nature open before him, ample in her page, and full of interesting and important teachings; but without many of those helps, the effect of study and experiments of ages, reduced to strictly arbitrary rules, and which, carefully followed, will produce a well-known result.

No man, therefore, needs a sound and ripe judgment, a clear and comprehensive intellect, and a general knowledge of mechanics, of the physiology of plants and animals, of botany, of meteorology, geology, and something of the laws of trade and political economy, more than the farmer. The manner of cropping his fields this year may not precisely answer for the next, because the season may be of a widely different character, and thus require a different mode of treatment. He must lean upon a well-balanced judgment, and the great truths of Nature, stored up by experience and observation.

If I desired to pass an encomium upon Agriculture, I might with propriety point to these substantial homes around us, these churches and school-houses, springing as they have, from the products of your still fairer fields. Or I might contrast it with that which

sustained your ancestors nearly two hundred years ago, when these roads were at best but bridle paths, and your gardens and fields were occupied by the grim forests, never lighted but by the council fires of the Indians who occupied them before you. These changes have been wrought with carefulness and toil through long years of economical industry, and a practice of the stern virtues implanted in your bosoms by the noble men and women whose memories you celebrate to-day.

What if one of the dwellings which stood on this plain had been protected from the elements, with all its household goods, its furniture, bedding, wearing apparel, together with the means of travelling which they then possessed, and could be visited and seen by us to-day, would not your admiration be tempered with gratitude to Him who has led you along to these pleasant places, and crowned your labors with peaceful abodes and the fulness of domestic comforts?—From those faint and boding beginnings, have sprung this little republic with all its social enjoyments, so unlike the garrisons and perils which surrounded your ancestors two hundred years ago!

How would the fabrics of the farmer's family, then,—the homespun woollen gowns, dyed in the chimney corner, and the checked linens, both for dresses and aprons, compare with the glossy silks, Thibets, and muslin delaines, together with the rich shawls, satin cloaks, and elegant Talma capes and Honiton laces, that I see around me to-day! There were then no Lowell or Manchester, turning out thousands of yards of cotton cloth an hour, to clothe and *civilize* the world

— or carpet looms to weave the finest wool into fabrics as soft as the thistle's down, and with colors as bright as the butterfly's wing, to soften the footstep upon the floor, or shut out rude winter winds.

So was the style of living and travelling as different as the style of dress. Plain meats and vegetables,— the turnip instead of the potatoe,— and principally rye and barley bread, made up the sum of their frugal meals,— and there was less dyspepsia and despondency in those than in our more artificial life. Men and women travelled on foot, or at best, on horseback, two or three upon a single beast, through lonely and intricate paths, when necessity, of one sort or another, compelled them to visit some of the earlier and more populous settlements. Now, we think it a hardship if our horses do not accomplish ten miles an hour, in carriages so set upon springs of steel, and so cushioned as to roll us along as though reclining on beds of down; or, in locomotive houses, at forty or fifty miles an hour, while we eat, drink, smoke or sleep at will, lounge away the time in listlessness, or grumble at the speed which *only* conveys us *sixty* miles an hour! In mid-winter we sit in churches at summer temperature, where, perchance, flowers bloom and shed their fragrance around the worshippers, while soft and entrancing music floats through the vaulted aisles.

In the fields the contrast is as great in the implements with which they cultivated the soil, as in any thing else. Shovels and ploughs of wood, heavy and cumbrous harrows and carts, and hoes and scythes, exhausted the strength to wield them which should have been devoted to moving the soil. But in the

face of these discouragements, the stern old Puritans succeeded in all they undertook; they were methodical, and earnest, and persevering. If separation from friends, grim woods, coarse, and sometimes scanty fare, and savage hate, could not daunt them, neither could the common deprivations and embarrassments of their position, fail to stimulate their exertions. Faith led them here, and it did not desert them when sore and grievous trials pressed them on every side.

"*The Plough.— Its one share in a bank of earth is worth ten in a bank of paper.*"— This sentiment, upon which you have been pleased to call me up, suggests more topics than time will allow me to touch upon now. The *one* share with which your fathers wrought, was but an indifferent affair; we have not only improved greatly upon *that*, but have added another, so that while shares in banks of paper, in railroads, in manufactories and mining companies, are uncertain, unprofitable, or ruinous, the *Plough*, with its two shares, is upturning the soil to the sun and air, and doubling the ordinary profits of the fields.

Mr. Brown alluded to several other topics of an interesting nature, which we have not been able to collect.

No. 4.— *The First Settlers of Billerica.*— A hardy generation of worthy men and women; their imperfections are buried with their dust, their *virtues* can never die.

Responded to by Joseph White, Esq., of Lowell.

Mr. President:— I am not a son of Billerica. I am not even a resident of your beautiful town, and have no claim to respond to the sentiment just read in your hearing. Yet a happy connection with a de-

scendant of one of the original settlers of the place, impels me to respond with no ordinary pleasure to your call.

Sir, eloquent gentlemen, who have preceded me, have drawn the contrast between Billerica as she is to-day, and Billerica as she was two hundred years ago. Our eyes have been turned from the beautiful and populous village, and the broad cultivated town, and we have beheld the mighty forest crowning this hill, and standing thick upon the adjacent valleys — through which the wild beast wandered, and where the lithe Indian pursued his prey, by the banks of yonder silver stream, or speared the salmon at the falls of the "arrowy" Merrimack.

But, sir, a change was at hand. The little band of pioneers — the natives of another soil — were on their way from Cambridge. Soon the stroke of the axe resounded through the forest gloom; the cabin smoke went up through the tall tree-tops; the church and the school-house arose; the hum of civilized life stirred the air, and the voices of prayer and praise went up to heaven. Thus, sir, as has been eloquently portrayed by the Orator of the Day, did these noble men, through long years of struggle — struggle with nature around them and with a cruel foe,— lay the solid foundations of this ancient town. Among these men was one — perhaps the earliest settler — of whom I would speak for a few moments. I refer to Jonathan Danforth.

Jonathan Danforth was the yougest son of Nicholas Danforth, and was born February 29, 1627, at Frambingham, Suffolk County, England. His father was a man of wealth and good standing in that town. "He

was of such repute, that it cost him a considerable sum to escape the knighthood which Charles imposed upon all of so much per annum." Nicholas Danforth, with his three sons, Thomas, Samuel and Jonathan, removed to New England in 1634, and settled at Cambridge. He died about four years after his arrival. His sons were men of ability, and lived to act no unimportant part in the early history of the Province.

Thomas, who was born in 1622, resided at Cambridge. He was one of the ablest and most influential men in the Colony, of his times. He was chosen Treasurer of Harvard College at its incorporation in 1650. In 1659 he was chosen Assistant, and reelected for twenty successive years. In 1659 he was chosen Deputy Governor of the Colony and retained the office till 1686. During the same period he was also President of the Province of Maine. He was chosen one of the judges of the Supreme Court in 1692, under the new charter, and held that office till his death, November 5, 1699, at the age of seventy-seven. A brother judge thus sums up his character. "He has been a magistrate for forty years, was a very good husbandman, a very good Christian, and a good counsellor." Of his numerous family there are now descendants only in the female branches.

Samuel was educated at Harvard, and made one of the first five fellows in 1650. He was a clergyman and settled at Roxbury. He lived an honored and useful live, and died greatly lamented. His descendants are numerous.

Jonathan removed from Cambridge to Billerica in 1654. He was a skilful mathematician and surveyor.

He surveyed and divided this town into lots. He was much employed in locating grants of land, and new townships in this region. He was several times Deputy to the General Court. He was chosen one of the first selectmen, and continued in that office twenty-one years. He kept the town records for about the same period. He died in 1712, aged eighty-five years. He left two manuscript folio volumes, containing sketches of sermons, baptisms, admissions to the church, and other matters of great interest to the antiquarian. Most deeply must we regret on such an occasion as this, that they have been carelessly destroyed. Of a poem written in the quaint style of the times by his nephew, Rev. John Danforth, of Dorchester, the following lines have been preserved by John Farmer :—

> "He rode the circuit, chained great towns and farms
> To good behavior ; and by well marked stations,
> He fixed their bounds for many generations.
> His arts ne'er failed him, though the load stone failed,
> When oft by mines and streams it was assailed ;
> All this was charming, but there's something higher,
> Gave him the lustre which we most admire."

And this "lustre" was his piety and conscientious discharge of his religious duties. For more than a century after his death, the family of Mr. Danforth continued, with one exception, to be the largest in the town.

Jonathan Danforth, a descendant in the third generation, removed from this town previous to the Revolution, first to Western, in Worcester County, and afterwards to Williamstown, in the County of Berkshire. He commanded a company from that town in

the battle of Bennington. His oldest son, Joshua, served through the war. His descendants are widely scattered in New England, New York and several of the Western States.

But, sir, I ask pardon for detaining you so long with these personal and family details. Yet allow me to remark that we cannot study the lives and the history of the families of the pioneer settlers of New England without great pleasure and advantage. We are descended from men of no ordinary mould. The settlers of New England were a peculiar people. They were the "seed wheat," sifted by the winds of persecution from the chaff of the Old World, and wafted across the sea, to be sown, broad cast, in the virgin soil of the New. They were educated men. From the University and the parochial school they brought hither the garnered science and liberal learning of their times. Above all, they had drunk deeply of the waters which flow fast by the Throne of God. They feared God, and *therefore* they regarded man. They were men of "progress,"— fully abreast, nay, far in advance of their times. They were just men,— just to themselves, just to the red man, just to posterity. They understood well their personal rights as Christian men, and as Englishmen. And these rights they were determined to enjoy at whatever hazard,— if not on the green fields of England, then on the bleak shores, and in the wild woods of a far off land. And here the foundations of their social fabric were laid, and their subsequent legislation,— all were based upon the principles of justice. Strangely searching, nay, even meddlesome with individual affairs, and severe

as much of that legislation seems to be, yet after the closest scrutiny, it will be found everywhere penetrated with the spirit of a strict and impartial justice.

They were just to the Indian. They purchased and paid fairly for the lands they occupied. They labored for his welfare. One of their great objects in coming hither, was to proclaim the Gospel which they valued so highly to the "salvages." The purposes and the policy of the fathers of New England, with respect to their Indian neighbors, when most carefully examined and thoroughly understood, may triumphantly challenge a comparison with the purposes and policy of any other class of men who settled on this continent.

They were just to their posterity. They lived not for themselves alone. They acknowledged their obligations to the future, and manfully strove to pay the debt. They sowed in tears, that we might reap with joy. They planted and builded, and we rest beneath the grateful shelter. They labored, and we have entered into their labors. They purchased with blood, and we inherit in peace.

And now, sir, as our hearts swell with gratitude to the Giver of all, that he has given us such an ancestry, and through them this "goodly heritage" which we enjoy, may the purpose of us all this day receive new life and power, to meet the responsibilities, and manfully discharge the duties which such an inheritance imposes. So shall we best honor the names and the memory of the fathers!

' No. 5.— *Pastors of Billerica, deceased and living.*— Trusty Watchmen on Zion's Walls — the expounders of Sacred Writ, and our guides to the better land.

It was expected that the Rev. Nathaniel Whit-

MAN, formerly for many years Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Billerica, would be present and respond to this sentiment; but the following letter received from him, and read to the assembly, fully explains the necessary cause of his absence:—

Citizens of Billerica — Friends of former and of later years:— You have politely and cordially extended to me reiterated invitations to be with you on this interesting occasion. For these invitations I sincerely thank you. And were it consistent with duty, gladly would I be one of your company. That Providence, which is ever perfect in wisdom and in goodness, denies to me this gratification. The feeble state of my own health, and the dangerous sickness of a daughter, make it my duty to remain at home. Yet, that same Providence permits and calls me to be present with you in spirit. And thus present, friends, I am. Most cordially do I take by the hand one and all of you; I unite with you in reverently and gratefully meditating on the past — I go with you into the future with a joyful trust in the God of our fathers. And I reciprocate congratulations with you on the recurrence of this Anniversary, so full of important suggestions, and inspiring promises;— originating in noble principles and praiseworthy sentiments; its circumstances are auspicious and it is adapted to throw over your future condition, as a town, an influence, wide-spreading, genial and blessed. Present in spirit as I now am, the tear of grateful remembrance cannot but fall upon the grave of many a venerated and beloved friend. I rejoice to render thus publicly, cordial thanks to the members of the several parties and

societies in town for their unvarying courtesy and kindness toward me, for the period reaching back to 1814, and embracing down to the present hour. I beg to assure you *all*, that it is in my heart, as in bygone years, so in the future, to be with you in your prosperities and in your adversities, rejoicing and weeping with you. And your beloved children gather close around me as my chosen companions to that higher world, where through the rich mercy of our God, we hope to meet the generations that have gone before us, and with them to dwell forever in heavenly mansions. Imploring upon you, respected and beloved friends, the best of Heaven's blessings, I present to you in connexion with this occasion, the following sentiment :—

Billerica.— Honorable and honored, in its past history, by its intelligence, public spirit, social harmony and Christian virtue,— may its Schools, and the Seminary of the "beloved Physician," its churches, its friendly associations and efforts, and its domestic altars, give to its future history a glory still brighter and ever brightening.

No. 6.— *The Howe School.*— The "gramer schoole" of Colonial days— the right arm of our educational system.

Responded to by George Faulkner, M. D., of Jamaica Plains, one of the sons of Billerica.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :— We have an ancestry worthy to be traced. The first settlers of this town were of the Puritan type. The germ of all that two centuries has developed on these shores was in the mind and character of the Pilgrim Fathers.— The high regard they manifested for the welfare of the young, is a charm in their character and compels our admiration ; in their great sacrifices, in all their thoughts, the training of their numerous children had

almost the first place; for *their children* they crossed the sea. They were themselves a peculiar people "winnowed out of three kingdoms." They came here with the best culture the Old World gave — with the learning and wisdom of their time, and to all their other attainments they added their own stern integrity. Thus disciplined in life and virtue they founded here in exile and poverty, a Commonwealth *with a complete educational system* at the beginning.— Thorough, systematic, public education was their own idea, the work of their own hands, and by it they hoped to perpetuate a race like themselves. They established our Common Schools; but for them "to read, write and cypher," was not enough;— they had grappled manfully with great questions of state, and though defeated and driven away, their hearts were unsubdued and they sought to fit their children to carry on and carry out any just conflict that might be before them here; their sons must therefore be educated in the knowledge of the past,— in classic and University learning. For this end two hundred and nineteen years ago Harvard College was founded by the Puritans. Eleven years after, in order "yt learning may not be buried in ye grave of or fathrs in ye church and Commonwealth," the General Court of Massachusetts provided by statute for preparation for college as a public concern; every town of one hundred families or householders was put under a fine of 5£ to be paid into the school fund if it failed to provide a public master "able to instruct youth so farr as they may be fited for ye University." Thus the fathers.

Ours is a driving, practical age, and everything is aimed at immediate results. Again and again in different quarters a call is made for a breaking up of the old routine of a learned education, and for some method of saving time in the preparation for a scholar's life. Once in a century a Benjamin Franklin is found among statesmen and philosophers, or a Hugh Miller appears in the highest walks of science, and then we hear some say, "is not College learning after all a piece of old fogyism?" Honor to the self-made man; all honor to self-made scholars! But, be it remembered, these men have been and ever will be, the exceptions; the supply has been furnished to the community from the followers in the beaten track, and so it will be; hence the old method of classical education holds on and extends its claims while all efforts to displace it are spasmodic and abortive. The tried means of thorough mental discipline are the Greek, the Latin, the Mathematics; add to these the Sacred Writings and you complete the platform on which public education rests. Reflect a moment on the multitude occupied from day to day, now and formerly, in editing, printing, selling, teaching and studying the Classics, the Mathematics and the Scriptures, and you see that he is an adventurer who shall propose to supplant these studies by any others. The College is, therefore, a fixed and essential part of our system of education.

In what I have said I have had in mind the generous bequests of Zadock Howe — the wise citizen, the lamented friend. Dr. Howe was eminent in his profession and reached its highest honors. As a man he

was prudent, far-seeing and sagacious. Neither wealth nor friends were his inheritance. He began life as an humble artisan. His advantages of education were very limited even for that day, being confined probably to the most ordinary kind of common schools.— But his mind had vigor and diligence; and without the privileges or honors of any higher institution of learning, he early took an enviable place in a difficult profession.

In memory let us honor him as the self-made man; let us honor him for that deep knowledge of men and things which led him to break away from the narrow bounds of his own early advantages, and made him keenly alive to the necessity of a high order of general and professional education. He certainly was unlike most men; in his history there is one trait of character that shall be noted by friend and stranger, and for it he shall be held in honored remembrance so long as the love of sound learning shall remain; it is this,— he enters life successfully through blind and rugged paths, and he says not "follow me," "do as I did," but makes it his lifework to provide for youth in all the future a smooth and beaten road.

The sons and daughters of Billerica gathered here to-day, look in vain for his well known face and timid form; he is no more in these streets or at our firesides, yet he is still with us, for the full fruits of a life of uncommon industry and frugality he has laid cheerfully on the altar of learning, and at the very doors of his townsmen and friends. In the particulars of his public munificence he has imitated the method of the forefathers and revived the spirit of the old statute al-

ready alluded to. "Having a desire," he says, "to promote the cause of education in the town of Billerica where I reside, and the vicinity thereof," &c., and these words truly illustrated and showed this to be emphatically *the* desire of his heart. In his daily and nightly rounds through long and lonely years, this desire was the quiet, silent, untold ambition of his soul — buoying him up in seasons of weariness and despondency. It is not merely education, else had he given his money into the school treasury; but it is education of a defined and elevated kind, "an Academy for the education of youth."

Dr. Howe was a man of careful words, and when he calmly wrote the word "Academy" he meant just that, no more, no less. "The school," he says further in his will, "is not intended for the admission of small children, but for instruction in the higher branches of an English education, and such other studies as are required of young men preparatory to entering College." Mark well, I entreat you, his word; write deep in your memories, my townsmen and patrons of the High School, the estimate the venerable donor himself puts upon *the University education of our fathers*, and its value to you and your children; cherish with tender regard, and seek to perpetuate in the minds of those who shall come after you, the noble sentiments of the founder of the Howe School.

But I cannot stop till I call on you to notice how the mind of the first settlers appears again in Dr. Howe's bequests. Before any provision whatever is made for a school, three thousand dollars is given to the Massachusetts Bible Society. This sum is given

without any condition; and he directs that it "be paid from the first available funds my executors may receive from my estate." Whatever else may come short this gift must be made sure; *first of all and before all the Bible is to be scattered abroad*, that liberty, learning and religion may have a right basis throughout the land. Over this bequest the fathers shall rejoice in their heavenly home; and henceforth let every man speak, with mingled emotions of gratitude and reverence, the name of ZADOCK HOWE.

No. 7.— *The Members of the Medical Faculty — whether natives or practitioners in town.*— Highly successful in curing the diseases of others, they have not been unmindful of the important proverb — "Physician heal thyself."

Responded to by AUGUSTUS MASON, M. D., of New York, formerly a practitioner in Billerica.

Mr. President :— There are other physicians present, natives of the town, more intimately acquainted with its history and traditions, and therefore better able to make a proper reply to this complimentary sentiment. There is little, however, in the silent and unobtrusive practice of our profession to leave its mark upon the annals of the town. Provision was made by law for the minister and school-master, but then as now, the doctor and lawyer were considered able to look out for themselves. The country physicians of those earlier years were better read in the book of experience than in theory or science. A year or two spent in the office of some extensive practitioner sufficed for study; then mounting his horse, with his saddle-bags for his apothecary shop, he was prepared to look up his location. But we must not premise

from his simple equipment that he did not do good service for humanity. Necessity made him skilful in the adaptation of his limited store of remedies to meet the varied exigencies of sickness, and gladly was he welcomed as a messenger of relief, as through winter snows and summer heats he toiled laboriously in his ill paid and self-sacrificing vocation. Happily he lived at a period when if fashionable remedies were unknown, from simple habits of the people, fashionable diseases were so also. That wonderful engine, the press, had scarcely begun its work, and the quack medicine bottle had not taken violent possession of the cupboard. No princely hotels had taken root in the pill box; no ducal villas arose from the profits of sarsaparilla. The people still had reverence for the minister, and faith in the physician. Those early generations have gone to their rest. Side by side sleep the physician and the patient,— their names unknown; but we will not forget with what fortitude and sacrifice they sowed the seed whose beautiful harvests we reap. If we come down to the days of '76, we touch upon times better known. There are those present who recollect Dr. Danforth in his declining years. He presided at that meeting when the men of Billerica pledged their lives and fortunes in advance to the principles of the declaration of Independence. If the noble Warren was foremost in the wider field of the city, the country physicians were not behind him in patriotism in their narrower spheres. Here Dr. Bowers, a native of the town, led a long and useful life. Here died Dr. Howe whose monument in yonder grave-yard attests his claims upon your grati-

tude. His eulogy you have just heard fitly spoken. And younger men, too, have died here, in the full tide of professional zeal, and happy in your confidence. Foster, Brown and Hill, whose names are familiar as household words.

Shall I speak of the friendly relations which existed between the physician and the people in the olden time. Mrs. Lee, in her memoir of Rev. Dr. Buckminster, has given us a picture of the old and favorite physician. Dressed in the fashion of the day, he picks his way through the muddy streets, his hat completely off at the meeting of every townsman, and every child is his particular care. "From all the fresh young lips of the little girls, he takes a tribute as he passes; they hold up their rosy faces, charmed with the familiar courtesy of the much enduring man, and feeling richer for what they have given." If in the changing fashions of society these external manifestations of regard are rare—no matter; if deep within the heart kindness and worth still keep alive the same feelings of confidence and respect.

Dr. Mason closed with the following sentiment :—

The Physician and the Family.— May their relations of friendship and confidence ever be such that his presence will be as gladly welcomed in health, as it is eagerly sought after in hours of sickness.

No. 8.— *Our Common Schools.*— Caskets containing the jewels of our State ; we look with confidence to the ruling powers to see that they are rightly set.

Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., was invited to be present and respond to this sentiment; but the meeting of the Board of Education, of which he is the Secretary, being appointed upon the same day, rendered his services there indispensable. The following let-

ter written by him has been received by the Committee:—

Sir :—In responding to this sentiment, I cannot enter upon the wide range of remark suggested by it. The subject requires extended discussion; the occasion demands brevity. I rejoice, therefore, that this audience, and the citizens of this town stand in no need of such a discussion. There is evidence enough that the importance of our system of free schools is appreciated here. Were I in a condition to review the history of this town, I know that the connection of its prosperity with its schools would make an essential part of it. Could I trace the individual lives of its enterprising citizens, I am sure that their successful industry would owe something to the intelligence given them in the school-room. The mere elements — the instruments of knowledge acquired there, give immense power to the possessor. Compare persons so educated with the uneducated mass who come to us from the shores of Europe, who cannot read even the newspapers (and there are such), nor keep their own accounts, nor write their names, and see what free schools do for the common people. Our country's political, social and moral condition is, to such a degree, the result of our system of education, that to ignore it as one of the causes of our success and happiness would be an unpardonable blunder.

But what may we reasonably expect of it for the future? The times have changed; the spirit and customs of society are so different from what they once were, that we can scarcely foresee what the end of it all will be. The schools have changed; and, in most

respects, are undoubtedly improved. But whether they have power, however well managed, to counteract all the evils incident to the present habits of the people, is not so clear as I wish it were. Have not the families something to do more than is now done? Are not the young to be taught and trained at home to some old-fashioned virtues, which are much missed at the present day? May the patriotic sentiments awakened in the minds of the citizens of Billerica this day, lead them to a determination to give to their sons and daughters a domestic training to industry, modesty, and submission to order and proper authority, which shall be referred to with gratitude and pride at the next centennial celebration. Let the public school lean upon the arm of her sister institutions, the family and the church, more sacred than herself, and then, if properly managed and cherished, she may contribute her share to the happiness of the new age upon which we are entering, as she has upon the two centuries now gone by.

No. 9.— *The legal profession in connexion with Billerica.*— While we award ample justice to the talents and integrity of the living — of the honored *dead*, we would say, that the names of Dexter, Locke, Crosby, and others, will be long held in respectful remembrance.

Responded to by George H. Preston, Esq., of Boston, one of the sons of Billerica.

It is hardly fair, Mr. President, to call upon a lawyer to speak, just after dinner, and in the midst of agreeable company,— two facts tending so much to make him at peace with himself and with all the world. Lawyers, sir, are very much like a certain reverend gentleman of whom I have heard, who was

so gifted in prayer that he was invariably called upon at all religious meetings to make the opening prayer, till he thought it high time that some of the younger members of the profession should take his place. So at the next grand conference gathering, our friend absented himself till after the appointed hour. But the company waited. Coming in at the door, he saw the state of affairs at a glance, and with hasty strides ascended the pulpit, and performed the accustomed service. As he descended, he was met by one of the brethren, who, taking him by the hand, said:— "Brother, you always pray very well, but you pray best when you are a *little mad.*" And so it is, sir, with the lawyer. He talks best when he is a *little mad.* Give him "a case" with two sides to it,— or a case with one side, for he'll soon make another,— and he is in his element. He'll talk as long as you please. Then he can get a "little mad." Why, sir, he will writhe and twist and roar like Milton's "tawny lion, striving to get free his hinder parts." But to call upon him to speak, when every thing and every body is smiling and agreeable is giving him no chance at all. Ten to one he will make a failure of it; and if he breaks down in the middle of his story, it is your fault, sir, and not his.

But the Lawyers have the advantage of the ministers in one point, and that is — that everybody always believes just what the lawyers say; it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help them Beelzebub! and what is more, the lawyers always believe it themselves. I wish I could say as much for the ministers. And so, sir, I am encouraged to say

something of this same open-faced, plain-dealing, truth-telling sect, as they are, or have been, as well in the world in general, as in the town of Billerica in particular.

It is not in the earlier but in the more advanced stages of society that the law flourishes as a profession. The first occupation on the settlement of a new country is that of the farmer,— for to live, he must have wherewithal to eat; and this comes from tilling the earth. Food, shelter and clothing — these are the necessaries of life; then ease and competence — then wealth,— then the arts, sciences, and liberal professions flourish,— luxuries, if you please, which men can then afford to indulge in — for law is an expensive luxury. Consequently it is not probable that there was in the town of Billerica, for more than a century from its settlement, any person properly a lawyer, but justices of the peace only. Undoubtedly there were other causes for this; perhaps everybody told the truth in those days, and needed no lawyer to tell it for them. It is plain they could not have immigrated thither from abroad, for there was an early regulation requiring of strangers settling in the town a certificate of good character. Probably the old Puritan hatred of lawyers had not yet died out, for the Puritans, you know, drove away every lawyer who came here — the Brown's at Salem, Morton at Merry Mount, and finally Letchford, who was by an express law forbidden to argue any man's case except his own, which rendered his practice so limited that he left the country. It was in a similar spirit that Aben Ben Hasson wrote. "They have in England," said he,

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"priests for their souls, physicians for their bodies, and lawyers for the injury and destruction of both."

The first lawyer of note in Billerica, and were he a native of the town it might well boast of him, was the Hon. Samuel Dexter. Mr. Dexter graduated at Harvard University in the class of 1781. He commenced the practice of the law in the adjoining town of Chelmsford, whence after a few years he removed to Billerica, and located himself in that part of the town known as "the Corner." Here he followed his profession for some years. But it soon appearing that the talents and abilities of Mr. Dexter eminently fitted him for a higher and more extended sphere of action, he removed to Charlestown and subsequently to Boston, where he soon stood side by side with Sullivan, Parsons, Otis, Ward, and the most eminent members of the Suffolk Bar. He was subsequently U. S. Senator; he was Secretary of War under the elder Adams, and Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson. He was the first President of the Massachusetts State Temperance Society, the first Society of the kind, I believe, in America. In 1815–16, he was a prominent, though unsuccessful, candidate for Governor of this Commonwealth.

Hon. Joseph Locke, though not a native of Billerica, was for more than a quarter of a century, one of its most honored citizens, and in the active practice of the law in this and the adjoining towns. He is associated with my childhood, and therefore within the recollection of most of you. He was an able and acute lawyer, and ranked with the first lawyers of this county. I find his name at the very commencement

of our Massachusetts Court Reports in 1804, opposed to the most eminent lawyers of that day. He enjoyed the confidence and respect of the community in which he lived, and held various public offices of trust and responsibility. Later in life Mr. Locke removed to Lowell, when that city sprung up, as it were, in a day, and eventually filled the office of judge of a city court with honor to himself, with justice and impartiality to others. The death of Judge Locke is still fresh in your recollection.

There is yet another, sir, of the legal profession, who, like those I have named, was not a native of your town, though he has been one of you for thirty years, or more, but of whom, perhaps, it does not become *me* to speak. But, sir, permit me in passing to say, that during this long interval, in which he has rejoiced with you in your joy, and mourned with you in your sorrow, in which he has seen the young grow to manhood, the middle aged grow old, and the aged die, there is none among them all, the living or the dead, who have at any time received his counsel or advice, either professionally or otherwise, but would this day bear witness that that counsel and that advice have always been upon the side of peace, and good will, and brotherly affection,— the peace-maker first, the lawyer afterwards. And if "a case" came at last, it was none of his making, but — a decree of fate.

Besides these, sir, there are those, who, though natives of Billerica, have pursued their professional career in other places. Hon. William Crosby, of this town, graduated at Cambridge in 1794; he was for some years a counsellor at law in Maine, then a part

of this Commonwealth, subsequently a Senator of the Commonwealth, and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in that State.

Oliver Crosby graduated at Cambridge in 1795, practiced his profession in Dover, N. H., for nearly thirty years, and subsequently removed to Maine and devoted himself to agriculture.

Artemas Rogers, a graduate of Cambridge in the class of 1809, followed his profession at Henniker, N. H., for some years, where he evinced talents and legal abilities of the highest order.

Thus much for the lawyers of Billerica, as individuals; and now a word or two of them as a profession.

The lawyer, sir, is not so unlike the rest of mankind as men are wont to imagine. Compare him, for instance, with the farmer. The farmer fells the forests, digs up the roots and stumps, and prepares the earth for seed; the lawyer overturns or undermines the hostile facts in his case, digs up facts on his own side, which perhaps never were facts, and never ought to be dug up, and prepares them for the jury. The farmer scatters seed over the land; the lawyer scatters dust in the eyes of the jury. The farmer breaks a colt; the lawyer breaks down a witness. Both are producers — both consumers. The farmer produces corn and potatoes; the lawyer — nothing. The farmer consumes his own crops, and the lawyer's time and wits; and the lawyer consumes the crops, and the farmer too,— for he creates a bill of costs, and the bill of costs eats up his client.

It is a true saying — as a man thinketh, so he is. The same man, who, if a lawyer, would be a trickster;

if a merchant, would be a cheat; if a minister, a hypocrite; if a physician, a quack. As a man's spiritual gravitation is upward or downward, he ennobles or debases his profession or calling. The lawyer of small intellect and less moral principle, is a pettifogger; the lawyer of first rate intellectual power, and noble principles, is one of nature's noblemen; while the lawyer of fine talents, and no principle, abuses for unworthy purposes the faculties that God has given him. And while we admire the *mighty* intellect, we despise the *man*. Men say, "Wo unto ye, lawyers," and cite the Scriptures for their authority. But I say, Wo unto him who is recreant to truth and duty; and honor to him, who maintains the right, be he prince or peasant, mechanic or lawyer.

That the lawyers have the confidence of men is not a matter of question; and this confidence thus existing between the lawyer and his client is to me, sir, most singular and mysterious. The client comes to the lawyer, an utter stranger, it may be, introduces himself, and retains him. From that moment, the two are as one. With unhesitating confidence, he unbosoms himself to his legal adviser, reveals to him the inmost recesses of his soul,— secrets upon which his lips are sealed to his dearest friend, to his wife even, (and with good reason) — no matter whether they are of money, of honor, of life, or death even — it is all the same; the whole is poured into the ear of his adviser, without a thought of confidence misplaced, without a fear of betrayal. And thus it has been for ages, is now, and I hope ever will be. And why is it? I know not, unless it be that there is in the commu-

nity a feeling of trust and confidence in the *honor* of the profession, to which I know no parallel. The simple fact that that trust still exists in unimpaired force is the strongest evidence that it has seldom or never been violated or abused

But, sir, perhaps you will ask, of what benefit is the lawyer? Let us see. Law is designed for the protection of the innocent, and the punishment of the guilty. The innocent, then, ought not to be punished. Now the very idea of a lawyer is that of defence and protection. He stands between the government as prosecutor, and the accused. If the accused is guilty, he is punished as he deserves; if he is innocent, the lawyer proves his innocence, and procures his acquittal. And now mark the difference in this respect between a Despotism and a Republic. In the one, the will of the ruler is the law. The despot brooks no obstacle between him and his victim. He who would interfere between the Sultan and the object of his revenge, would soon find the bow-string, or the bottom of the Bosphorus. Therefore, in Despotisms there are *no* lawyers. In the other, law is justice. Conviction must precede punishment. Therefore, the meanest person accused may have the assistance of the best legal ability in the land to defend him. And, therefore, there *are* lawyers in Republics. And as governments approach one or the other of these two extremes of Despotism or Republicanism, just in proportion rises or sinks the legal profession under those governments. Blot out the legal profession in America, and America shakes hands with Russia. Transport in a body the American Bar into Rus-

sia, and place it there as it stands here, and Alexander will tremble upon his throne as he trembles not now for Englishman, Frenchman and Turk together.

Do you ask for proof of all this? Look at Europe. Turkey is a Despotism. Did you ever hear of a Turkish lawyer? Russia is a Despotism. Was a Russian lawyer ever heard of? You answer, No. But you are wrong. For when Alexander I. visited England after the peace of 1815, he was struck with astonishment at the wealth, the influence, the rank and power of the English Bar. "What does all this mean," said he; "why, I never had but one lawyer in all my dominions, and him I hung long ago." And here you have the history of the Russian Bar. The English Bar, and the American Bar,— who are they? An English lawyer drafted the English Bill of Rights; an American lawyer penned the Declaration of Independence, and twenty-two American lawyers put their hands thereto, and were ready to seal it with their blood. The time would fail me to tell of those English and American lawyers, who have done much for their profession, and still more for mankind. But as their names come thronging upon the memory, I feel deeply the words of Bulstrode Whitlocke,—"I account it an honor to me to be a lawyer." And as I feel the honor which the profession confers upon me, may I also, to the full measure of my humble ability, seek to reflect honor upon it.

And now we see why it is that tyrants are the foes of the legal profession,— because it is the very hotbed of Liberty and Patriotism. Why else does Aus-

tria with such bitter perseverance seek the life of the lawyer, Louis Kossuth? And whence her fierce hate of Daniele Manin, the eloquent Venetian advocate, who, in 1848–9, for months braved all the power of Austria, and yielded the fair city of Venice only in the last extremity. Of forty patriots doomed to exile, seven were lawyers, and Daniele Manin at the head of them. I would the world knew more of this same Daniele Manin, for I look upon him as a second Washington.

True to his calling, the lawyer quails not in the defence of the accused, however imminent the danger to himself. There have been times when popular fury has raged so fiercely against certain individuals, that he who came forward in their defence exposed himself to extreme personal hazard. The French Assembly allowed Louis XVI. to choose his counsel at his trial. The service was one of danger, for the guillotine was the inevitable fate of all who sympathized with royalty. The aged lawyer, Malesherbes, volunteered for the dangerous duty, while the lawyers Tronchet and Deseze came boldly forward, regardless of the danger. The king proposed to recompense Tronchet and Deseze by leaving them a legacy. "Sire," replied Malesherbes, "the legacy is already bequeathed; in choosing them for your defenders, your majesty has immortalized their names." Time has proved the prediction true.

John Adams and Josiah Quincy, jr., are identified with every act of resistance to British aggression; yet their bold and manly defence of Captain Preston for shooting down the citizens of Boston, in State street,

on the fifth of March, 1770, ennobled alike the men who made it, the profession they adorned, and the land that gave them birth.

As the legal profession have been thus fearless to the calls of duty and their country in times past, so will they be in the future. And if the waves of fearful war, that are now surging over Europe, shall roll upon our shores, as come they may, I believe, sir, there will be those among them who shall be worthy to sit in the Councils of the Nation, and to whom the people shall look for advice and guidance, even as they have looked to those who, though dead, still live in the hearts of their countrymen.

But, sir, it is not for you, or for me, or for any one, to say that the world would be wiser or better without this or that occupation, without this or that profession. For it is wisely ordained that they shall all work together for good. Said Menenius Agrippa to the citizens of Rome,—"No honest and truthful occupation in life can be useless, and where all are necessary to the welfare of the body politic, no one can arrogate to itself the highest place." To complain is folly. It is the part of wisdom so to use the present, whatever it is, as to ensure improvement in the future. When the Millennium shall come, then shall there be no more clients, then shall there be no more lawyers. But until then, I believe the legal profession will be as natural, and proper, and necessary an element in the social state as any profession or calling. Meanwhile the complete and perfect enjoyment of the benefits of the law will depend upon three classes of per-

sons: those by whom its principles should be faithfully studied and understood,—and they are the lawyers; those by whom it should be impartially administered,—and they are the judges; and those by whom its requirements should be cheerfully submitted to,—and they are the people. For these three elements united,—the advocate, the judge, and the executive, which in this country are the people,—constitute the administration of justice in a Republic.

And now, sir, I have to claim your indulgence for having thus long detained you, especially when I see around me so many older, and abler, and better fitted than myself to address you. A single word, and I have done.

It is true, Billerica cannot boast of great historical characters, whose fame has filled the world; but it abounds with the names of those in all occupations and professions, of whom it is most emphatically true,—the place is better for their having lived in it. Adam Smith has said with great truth and beauty, that the real wealth and true grandeur of a nation consist, not in the number of its great names that live upon the page of history, but in the aggregate of those who have made two blades of grass to grow, where but one grew before. And this idea, sir, I would embody in the following sentiment:—

The Young Men of Billerica.—May they ever keep green over the graves of their sires the two blades of grass that their fathers caused to grow; and for each of those two blades, may they cause to grow two blades more.

No. 10.— *The Press.*— The engine of our liberty, the terror of tyrants, and the school-master of the world.

Response by John A. Goodwin, Esq., of the Lowell Courier.

Mr. President :— Two hundred years *before* the founding of Billerica, on an occasion like this the "members of the press" would have been hunted out of the assembly, and a rack in the inquisition been thought the best festive board for the followers of so *black* an art; but here two hundred years *after* that event, the representatives of "the press" are, *nolens volens*, the recipients of many honors, and though their art is blacker than ever, their only tortures are the unpaid subscriptions at home.

But seriously, Mr. President, this is a most proper time to speak of the "engine of our liberties," "the terror of tyrants," and the "school-master of the world." To-day our minds are carried back to the founding of one of the original towns of the Commonwealth,— one of those little independent republics whose successful operation has been a puzzle and a stumbling-block to the political economists and philosophers of the Old World.

But, sir, though I am an enthusiastic follower of my profession, I cannot receive for "the Press," that is for *Journalism*, all that your sentiment awards. Take your own town of Billerica, whose rise and noble progress has been so vividly presented to-day; the "engine" of the liberty that here found a home, and one great "school-master" of this little "world," was first established not far from this spot, in that humble thatched meeting-house in which Elder Whiting

preached a doctrine as sturdy as were his hearers. It was to the *free church* that our fathers owed much of their peculiar character. Then, knowing that faith without knowledge is vain, and that zeal without wisdom becomes destructive bigotry, they built, when strong enough, by the side of that rude and humble temple a ruder and a humbler edifice which they dedicated to the public school; the new fane, as it nestled by the side of its guardian, was not less the defender of an intelligent religion, than was the church the protector of a christian education.

"Amid the forests' gloomy shade
The altar and the school appeared;
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
In this their fondest hopes were reared.
The altar and the school still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust,
That Freedom's sons may fill the land,
When we are sleeping in the dust."

The editor's chair has been called a "throne," and so it may be when filled with conscientious wisdom, but its sovereignty is divided, and its rule must be shared with the free pulpit and the common school. These *three*, then, are all the "engines of our liberty, the terror of tyrants, and the school-masters of the world." Divided they lose their power; united they are omnipotent against "the world, the flesh and the devil."

So thought our forefathers; therefore in 1638, nearly seventeen years before the day whose two hundredth return we now celebrate, they set up their first printing press, placing it in Cambridge, of which township this goodly Billerica then formed a part.

Under the direction of the authorities, good Master Stephen Daye early in 1639, brought out his first work, *The Freeman's Oath ;* then followed the *Almanac* for that year; his next work was *The Catechism*, with "*The Psalms in Metre*," issued in 1640. The *Freeman's Oath* to teach each citizen his obligations to the State; the *Almanac* to remind all of the flight of time and their worldly duties; the *Catechism* to instruct the young in holy things and draw their thoughts from time to eternity, and the sacred lays of the psalmist, versified to win all hearts and voices to the *active* services of the sanctuary.

Wise, conscientious old patriots! They sacrificed everything but life, to seek here in the Western wilderness "freedom to worship God!" They taxed even their *poverty*, that their children might be taught the ways of wisdom and virtue. And when in the infancy of the Commonwealth, they set up "the press," they devoted all its powers to the fuller development of the work already begun. O, that their descendants would never put its mighty levers to any but a kindred labor; that they would never cause it to teach anything but lessons of prudence and patriotism, wisdom and beauty, of gentle charity, and of manly religion!

Sainted spirits, so long gone to their eternal rest! When from their home we too are permitted to look down upon those who shall commemorate the next centennial return of this day, may we not then be deemed unworthy stewards of the glorious legacy of our fathers; but may our descendants find reason to esteem us faithful guardians, and improvers of the

three great and mutual engines of Christian liberty — the people's *church*, the people's *school*, and the people's *press !*

No. 11.— *Our Citizen Soldiery.*— May its members ever cherish the principles of exalted patriotism — in order and discipline a model Militia — in morals a worthy example for the young men of our State.

Responded to by Col. George F. Sawtell, of Lowell.

Mr. President:— The lateness of the hour would prevent my making a speech on this occasion, even if I were prepared to do so ; but as some of my friends are expecting a speech from me, and as I do not wish to disappoint them, I will now promise to do my best in that line at the *next* centennial celebration, provided my friends will *then be present!*

But, sir, allow me to thank you and your fellow citizens for the honor you have done me and my military associates in inviting us to be present at this commemoration. The sentiment you have expressed is, I trust, fully appreciated by us. The soldier should not only be a *fighting* man but he should also be a *peace* man ; he should be a good citizen or he can never be a trustworthy soldier.

In this connection allow me to remark that the mental cultivation of our citizen soldiery is too much neglected ; yet intelligence and mental vigor is no unimportant source of power in a military force. How rarely do we hear of a donation of a useful library, by our wealthy citizens, for the improvement of the thousands of young men connected with this branch of our State government ? True, good books may always be had, but when provided in this way

they are more highly prized and more generally read; moreover they encourage the young soldier, and render him more jealous of his reputation and more ready and persevering in good works.

Nothing has more changed since the incorporation of your town than the military. Then the farmer cultivated his field with his musket slung to his back or carried at his side in the fair hands of his wife, who watched for the lurking savage while he worked. Then every man was a soldier, every woman was a military *man;* now but few of our citizens are good soldiers, but the ladies are still great trainers; then the wife used to shoot the deer at the first crack of the rifle, whereas now the ladies are themselves the only *dear*, and all their *rifling* is done on our pockets, but as we surrender without resistance, we cannot well complain.

But seriously sir, can we doubt that the same patriotic spirit exists now that did then, and if a like emergency should arise, that we should find among us the *spirit* of the past heightened by the *examples* of the past. I know of no better means to perpetuate that spirit than occasions like this. Let the example of our glorious ancestors be continually held up to our young men, and let the latter be trained to the use of arms, and we need not fear that our liberties will be as valiantly defended in the future as they were of old; thus shall be enkindled and perpetuated in the heart of every young American as he enters upon the duties of manhood, chief among which is the defense of his country, the noble sentiments of Col. Crittenden, who, when his merciless Spanish ex-

ecutioners bade him kneel to receive the death-shot with his back towards them, replied, "The American soldier kneels only to his God, and always faces his enemy!" May such a spirit fill the heart of every citizen-soldier! In conclusion I will give —

The American Soldier.— May he be jealous of his own and his country's honor, fear God, love his wife and keep his powder dry, for then the victory will ever be ours!

After the regular sentiments, the President of the Day gave the first voluntary :—

The Orator of the Day, who has favored us with a *learned, eloquent* and *interesting* Address — one who we *all* should be *proud* to say was *born among us,* and *one* whom we shall *ever* delight to honor.

The Rev. Mr. Richardson had left the tent before this sentiment was given.

Second voluntary by Dea. Amos Spalding, one of the Vice Presidents :—

The Memory of Doct Zadok Howe.— Should the granite shaft crumble to the dust, his munificent acts will still remain his *imperishable* monument.

George H. Whitman, Esq., President of the Trustees of the Howe School, responded to this sentiment as follows:—

The sensation is strange, sir, to find myself upon this platform, on a great occasion, and under a big tent. I think it is because, an adopted townsman (as Dr. Howe was) I happen to be by his appointment, a Trustee, with you and other gentlemen, of the beloved and prosperous school which he founded. The name of Howe seems to bring to me a sweeter sound and loftier character than what belongs to other names, and, although composed of only four little letters of

our English alphabet, to embody and suggest how many short of a thousand virtues it is not for you or me to say. By his generosity we find fourteen towns and one city, with a population of at least seventy thousand, and youth at least twenty thousand, becoming interested, directly and deeply, in his bequest — as *much interested* in its safety, perpetuity, efficiency and results as this single town. It is to the *just* expectations and claims of a wide spread territory, therefore, that I refer, when I give you for a sentiment —

Billerica and its neighboring City and Towns.— May they *rightly* comprehend, *adequately* value, and *manfully defend* the Academy of Dr. Howe.

Third voluntary sentiment :—

The old Pemberton Academy.—We cordially welcome one of her former pupils, who renews with us to-day the memories of his school boy days ; while busily engaged in fostering the manufacturing interests of the state, he has ever zealously labored in her councils to promote the cause of education.

Responded to by the Hon. Thomas G. Cary, of Boston.

Mr. President :— I am not only honored in being thus referred to as the representative of the long succession of youth who formerly came here to receive their education, but I consider myself fortunate, too, in being here to answer for them at the present time.

When I think of those among them with whom I was most intimately associated, most of whom have now closed the career of life, their remains lying buried in the depth of the ocean, after wounds received in the war of 1812, or interred in the islands of the West Indies and the Pacific, or in the cemeteries of

Europe and the United States, the sentiment that predominates within me is, wonder that I should have survived so many to appear here and respond for them to-day. I am confident, however, that I represent them all justly, when I express the belief that a feeling of respect and of kind regard prevailed among them towards the inhabitants of the place, and accompanied them far into life. If you have forgiven or forgotten some pranks, some rioting in a small way, but in good nature, then I am sure that all is smooth between us. For myself, I am happy to have an opportunity thus publicly to express my thanks to the Committee of Arrangements for kindly remembering me, and for their invitation to be present here to-day; for, sir, during more than one-quarter part of the two centuries that have elapsed since the incorporation of the town which we now celebrate, Billerica, with her concerns, has been an object of warm interest to me. More than fifty years ago, I came here to be prepared for College at the Academy referred to, kept by Mr. Pemberton, an able preceptor, assisted by that brave old soldier of the revolution and servant of God, Deacon Whiting, who had practised the hand-writing which he taught us in making out rolls and returns, with benumbed fingers, on the drumhead. They did their duty. I was well prepared. And in all the changes of life since then, wherever my lot has been cast, the scenes of all the excitements, the troubles, and the delights of boyhood, which I experienced here, have often risen to my recollection; and whoever or whatever could be in any way associated with the name of Billerica has been a claim to my peculiar regard.

The preceptor of the Academy, a gentleman of the old school, had been favorably known elsewhere before he came here, having been a distinguished instructor far back in the last century. At one time I resided for ten years in the city of New York, and my next neighbor was Col. Troup, Robert Troup, a veteran who held a high rank as a staff officer at the capture of Burgoyne, who became afterwards distinguished at the bar and very wealthy, and was well known as the intimate friend of Hamilton. What is rather remarkable, too, he was the friend also of *Burr*, who had shown him some kindness in early life which was never forgotten. He frequently received me in his private study, and as I listened to his narratives of the age that has long gone by, the age of Washington, with descriptions of distinguished men and incidents of his own life, I found that, far as he was my senior, he and I had been prepared for College by the same man; and that Aaron Burr, with all his accomplishments and power, whatever may be thought of him historically, had received his early education, too, from Mr. Pemberton in New Jersey. Many other men might be mentioned who have filled important stations in society, and a large portion of them with great credit, who were his pupils at the Academy in this place.

But this *name* of Billerica, which has so long had a place in my remembrance, and so often risen to occupy the thought of the moment, has sometimes tasked my ingenuity to trace its origin. For though we received it from England, it has not the Anglo-Saxon ring of its near neighbor, there and here, CHELMSFORD.

At one time of my life I had frequent intercourse with Spaniards; and in learning their language I observed that they give nearly the same sound to the letters B and V. They often spell the name Havana with a b in the middle, Ha*b*ana, as may be seen on their boxes of cigars. If we suppose the same liberty to have been taken with the first letter in the name of Billerica, we are at once on a new track for its derivation. The Spaniard would say *villa* for town, and *rica* for rich; or, as he would put them together and pronounce the word, vill-*ya*-rica, rich town; and there are places of that name. But in writing it, he would be very likely to spell it with a B, Billarica.

It may be asked, to be sure, how a Spanish name should happen to be adopted by the English? England and Spain were both provinces of the Roman Empire, and no doubt there was so much intercourse between them that an occasional adoption of the sort was not improbable, even from casual association among their descendants in subsequent ages.

But it may, yet, be asked, how there came to be an *e* in the middle of the word, so that it is pronounced Bille, in one syllable, like the French, instead of two, like the Spanish? The ancestors of the French were also under the same dominion; their descendants often took the liberty to interfere in English affairs; and Billerica may thus perhaps boast that three sisters of the great national family of Rome assisted in giving the name that she bears.

I know very well, Mr. President, that an English writer states that the name in a remote age was Belarca, coming, as he supposes, from Balenga or Ban-

lenga and corresponding to the French, Banlieu, which means suburb or precinct. "But how it came to be transformed into Billerica, which name it bore in 1395," he cannot, he says, "even guess." Guessing, however, is a sort of birthright in New England; and there seems to be no great presumption in offering our conjectures, particularly when others give it up. And even if we are not exactly correct, probably greater blunders might be detected among antiquarians more distinguished than any of us pretend to be. But this name seems to import that Bille-*rica* should be rich. And is she so? Those may be said to be rich who have enough to supply their wants; though some people might say that if there were any prophecy in the name, Lowell, with the millions invested there in manufactories, ought to be here.* But, sir, your river (the Concord) is not broad enough and does not fall fast enough for that; and as we cannot control these matters, I have no hesitation in saying, that, for one, I am not sorry that it should have been settled as it is.

If any one of the great changes which sometimes occur should tend to make this a field for speculation, I would not venture to oppose the wishes of any who might desire to share in its effects; but I should look with doubt on the prospect of eventual benefit, on the whole, to those who now reside here. If the farm, valued at two, three or four thousand dollars, which has given to frugal industry the supply for moderate wants be sold for twenty thousand, the farmer, moving into a new sphere where every thing expands be-

* Lowell was formerly part of Chelmsford, and joins Billerica.

fore him, may yet look backward with a sigh on the enjoyments which he has left, to find that even so great a price is but small in amount where he meets temptations to spend a five or ten thousand a year, and where he knows more of want than he ever did before.

I am glad to see things remaining much as they were, with only the growth that is natural to a quiet place. Such growth may scarcely seem perceptible when measured by our imaginations, but it shows for something in time. It is said that when John Randolph, of famous memory, re-visited, late in life, the college at which he had graduated, after gazing about him for some time in silence, he said:—"Well, every thing looks much as it did except those two elm trees in front, which do not seem to be quite so large as they were thirty years ago." I may say that the trees and the place are not so large as all seemed to me in my boyhood. Yet there has been growth; and growth without the radical change that seems to be uprooting elsewhere all that belonged to old associations. If the head of each family, as I once knew them all, is gone, and the places that knew him now know him no more, it is gratifying to suppose that some one who bears his name still lives in the homestead.

It might cause a moment's wonder, but it would afford me no pleasure to find, on returning here, that the hills had been carted away, the meadows filled up to a dead level of streets and squares, and that thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of strangers who knew nothing of the past, had come here to crowd out

of sight and of remembrance the Abbots, the Baldwins, the Blanchards, the Bowers', the Crosbys, the Farmers, the Fosters, the French's, the Parkers, the Richardsons, the Rogers', the Whitings descendants of the Divine and the soldier, and others who might be mentioned, whose races have long flourished here, while most of these names have become honorably known throughout the United States. One great thoroughfare of the country has been made to pass within your borders and affords new facilities. As it is not likely that another will pass near it, we may suppose that the destiny of the place is fixed for a long time to come. The world cannot be made into one general city; space must be left to raise food for man and beast; and Billerica is likely to remain, as she has been, an agricultural, a farming town.

But in an hour the railroad will place those who desire excitement in the city; and when they are satisfied with the bustle and the gaiety, return them in another hour to the quiet enjoyments of the country, where the earth gives forth her increase in the fields, and where woods still grow, affording shelter to the birds in their annual return, when they give forth the songs that sound like praise to God and joyous greeting to man; and where tranquil reflection on what is done in the world may tend, as it often does, to the confirmation of sound principles.

Here may those races that I have mentioned continue fast rooted, and put forth new branches. May those who come here for education in your new Seminary, gather it as from the atmosphere that the independence of the nation is to be maintained only by

personal independence among the people; that the sure foundations of that is, next to religion, in honorable industry, such industry as secures comfortable subsistence and makes it unnecessary to resort to the miserable shifts of dishonesty for support. May the juror who is summoned from here give the truth as his verdict without a thought of dependence on the favor of any man or of the public. May the legislator who comes from Billerica give his vote like one who depends on his own resources, who seeks nothing for himself, and is not to be moved in what concerns the welfare of the country by the fear of unpopularity.

And now, as I see before me a large assemblage of your friends, many of whom you will desire to hear, I will detain you, sir, with only one sentence more, an aspiration for the future, which I offer in behalf of all those to whom you have referred as formerly receiving academic education here:—

Billerica, for all time to come, may she be rich as her name, perhaps, imports; but especially rich in the virtues that strengthen and adorn a republic!

Fourth voluntary sentiment:—

Old Middlesex County.— Rich in Revolutionary History; although many parts of it are prolific in stirring events, none is more so than the City of Charlestown.

Responded to by Abram R. Thompson, M. D., of Charlestown.

Mr. President:— Our venerable friend, the Orator of the Day, and those who have followed him, have so far exhausted the facts and the rhetoric of the occasion, that there remains but little more to say. There is, however, Mr. President, one important fact in the

history of Billerica which has not been brought into view. I say important, sir, because I hold that facts of individual experiences; facts exercising strong influence for weal or for woe, over a whole life time; facts of the heart, which, in the language of Lord Bacon, "come home to men's business and bosoms,"— these, I say, sir, are important facts, and to a great fact of my own life of this class I am indebted, Mr. President, for the honor of now addressing you, sir, of meeting this delightful assembly, and of sharing with them the interesting reminiscences, the pleasing associations, and the inspiring hopes of this joyful day. Mr. President, in the good providence of God, more than fifty-three years ago I found in old Billerica, the chosen companion of my life*, the wife of my youth, the mother of my children, the faithful helpmeet of all my trials during the pilgrimage of time, and the joy and solace of the evening of my days,— as my departed friend, the illustrious Webster, said of Massachusetts in the Senate of his country,— so I say of my wife. "There she is, look at her; God bless her!"

Listening with attention and delight to the venerable Orator of the Day, who has given us so clear and vivid a history of this ancient town,— and to the fine flight of the Poet, who has so embellished and adorned it with graphic pictures of the imagination,— I feel that it is good for us to be here — for Billerica is here to-day — Billerica as she was two hundred years ago, in her elements, a few stout hearts and strong hands,

* Elizabeth Bowers, daughter of Samuel and Sarah Bowers, and granddaughter of John Parker,— and thus a lineal descendant of two of the ancient families of Billerica.

—Billerica as she has been progressing along the line, and fully sharing in the perils and the glories of the cotemporary history of New England. It is good for us to be here, for now casting my eyes over the goodly company before me, I see Billerica as she is now, in 1855, a breathing, living and moving embodiment of all the blessings of civil and social life. Here are the grand-parents with their children and children's children — a group of warm hearts and happy faces — gathered together in union, and forming that golden link in the chain of human existence which binds and brightens the past with the present and the future, in the indissoluble bond of memory, joy and hope.

In a delightful discourse delivered by the old man eloquent, John Quincy Adams, fifty-three years ago to the Pilgrim Society, at Plymouth, on the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, Mr. Adams thus analyzes this glorious thought:—

"Among the sentiments of most powerful operation upon the human heart, and most highly honorable to the human character, are those of veneration for our forefathers, and love for our posterity; these form the connecting link between the selfish and social passions. By the fundamental principle of Christianity, the happiness of the individual is interwoven with that of his cotemporaries; by the power of filial reverence and parental affection, individual existence is extended beyond the limits of individual life, and the happiness of every age is chained in mutual dependence upon that of every other. Respect for his ancestors excites in the breast of man interest in their history, admiration for their characters, concern for

their errors, and involuntary pride in their virtues. Love for his posterity spurs him to exertion for their support, stimulates him to virtue for their example, and excites the tenderest emotions for their welfare. Man, therefore, was not made for himself alone. No, he was made for his country by the obligations of the social compact; he was made for his species by the duties of Christian charity; he was made for all ages past by the sentiment of veneration for his forefathers; he was made for all ages to come by the impulse of affection for his progeny. Under the influence of these sentiments, man is no longer "a puny insect shivering at a breeze." He is lord of this lower world. Existence sees him span her bounded reign, formed to occupy all time and all space; bounded while on earth only by the boundaries of the world, and destined to life and immortality in brighter regions, where the fabric of nature itself is dissolved and perished."

Mr. President, I feel that I have trespassed too long upon your time, and yet I cannot sit down without a word or two in special reference to the sentiment just read and about our Bunker Hill Monument. Eighty years ago our fathers stood upon our high places in blood and fire, nobly contending for their own rights; for the rights of their descendants, and for the rights of mankind through all coming times; the scene was glorious; the offering was sublime. Bunker Hill was the altar; the fire of burning Charlestown lighted the sacrifice; the smoke of the incense went up accepted of Heaven, in behalf of suffering humanity, and the blood which flowed was thenceforth to be for the political healing of the nations. The great principle

which brought our ancestors to this land was religious liberty. Our Puritan fathers acknowledged the principle; but clouds and darkness were round about them, and they did not see the extent of it; they thought it was religious liberty for them, according to their peculiar views, and for them alone. The progress of light is dispelling the clouds and darkness, and now the platform of true liberty and free constitutional government is founded in the common fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man,— and this country is to be, in the good providence of God, the grand theatre for the development and establishment of this grand principle of equal rights and free constitutional governments for man as man. I contend, Mr. President, that all true civil liberty in order to stand and live, must be founded upon true freedom of religious opinion, and that civil government shall not interfere with religious opinion on the one hand; nor on the other hand, shall religious opinion interfere with civil government. Hence I say, that true Protestant Christianity — by which I mean the right of private judgment and the sufficiency of the scriptures — is the only true orthodoxy of our free country; and hence I believe that Protestant Christianity and true Republican liberty are indissolubly united and must stand or fall together.

Fifth voluntary sentiment :—

Sons of New Hampshire — They have *hearts of oak, constitutions of granite,* and the *real grit* all over.

This sentiment brought the Hon. Tappan Wentworth, of Lowell, to his feet, who responded as follows :—

There can hardly be found a gathering, Mr. President, in any of the towns in the Commonwealth, where the sons of New Hampshire would not be present in sufficient numbers to attract the notice with which you have been pleased to honor them.

There are many causes for the large emigration from that State which want of time will not allow me to enumerate; but a recurrence to our early history will shew that we do not come as strangers, certainly not as foreigners. For nearly one hundred years, New Hampshire was under the civil government of Massachusetts, and your records shew that a large portion of the names in that State were, according to the custom of the time, admitted to the rank of freemen in the General Court of Massachusetts. Her citizens in the service of this colony were honored with its trusts, and shared in common with your fathers in the toils and sufferings incident to the settlement of a New World. With a right to your political privileges thus early recorded — attracted by the personal advantages which, in a greater degree than any other people you offer to adventurous youth — you will hardly be able to escape the company of your New Hampshire friends, especially so long as your present treatment of them continues.

The occasion, sir, of our present meeting, interesting as it is to all of us, and particularly so to the sons and daughters of Billerica, recalls to the mind not only the toils and hardships, but the wisdom and foresight of our hardy ancestors who have been appropriately described as "poor in everything but faith and courage." Whatever differences of opinion may now

be entertained among other nations of the ultimate success of our form of government, there can be no question that the settlement of New England has thus far proved the most successful effort of colonization known to the ancient or modern world.

When we consider the first landing at Plymouth, with but a foothold upon a bleak, barren, and inhospitable coast, hemmed in by the ocean on the one side, and the savages upon the other, and now contemplate twenty-five millions of people inheriting a mighty empire running through twenty-four degrees of latitude, and extending to either ocean, enjoying civil and religious freedom to a degree unknown to any people in any stage of civilization ; when we reflect that this state of happiness and grandeur has been reached through a civil war and an entire disruption of the ties which bound them to the parent country, and that during the progress of the war — carried on without treasure or the advantages of commerce — the States were necessarily compelled to change the structure of their governments, and to assume obligations which reduced them to the verge of bankruptcy, and that after these struggles and whilst laboring under all the embarrassments attending them, they should form and adopt of their own choice, a national government that has produced these results, and now commands the respect of the world, we must be allowed to refer with exultation as well as gratitude to the wisdom and sagacity of the first settlers, who, in the love of religious and political liberty, early laid the foundations of those institutions which enabled a few weak colonies to work out these magnificent results.

To the establishment of public schools and the general support of religion by our forefathers, we owe much of that character which distinguishes us from every other people. But these blessings, great as they are, would hardly have carried this colony through the fierce discussions and struggles of the revolution, and above all, enabled it to preserve a government, under the oppression of the parent country, but for its formation into towns; into those little democracies where every inhabitant became a participator and an actor in the operations of government, and in the public meetings of which, the political questions of the day were examined and discussed. The wisdom of this organization, and its power at that period, is sufficiently evinced by one or two incidents.

In 1772 a committee of correspondence was raised in Boston to state the rights of the colonists as men, as Christians, and as subjects. This proposition which included the whole revolution was directed to be published to the *towns*, and the *towns* were requested to communicate their sentiments upon the subject.

When the power of the legislature was suspended, a convention of the several towns assembled in Boston at the call of the latter, and exhibited to the officers of the crown the power of the colonists to carry on the government should the illegal suspension be continued.

The British Parliament in 1774 testified to its fear of these organizations, and to their importance in the struggle, by abolishing all town meetings except for the choice of officers or by permission of the Governor. But notwithstanding this act, the lights of freedom blazed with effulgence in the municipal cor-

poration of Boston during the whole struggle; nor did her smaller sisters fail in their patriotic support in every period of the trying contest.

These historical facts, which might be greatly multiplied, are sufficient to shew the importance of the town organizations of Massachusetts in the revolutionary struggle, as well as their value in early habituating the citizens to a knowledge and practice of government, which is at all times essential to a full enjoyment of political and individual freedom; and they well justify the celebrations in honor of their foundation which have become so common throughout the Commonwealth.

Mr. President, I will detain the meeting no longer, but with your permission offer this sentiment:—

The towns of Massachusetts.— The nurseries of education and of political and individual freedom.

Sixth voluntary sentiment:—

Our Representative elect to the next Congress.— When they take a *Knapp* they will find themselves wide awake.

This sentiment called up Hon. C. L. Knapp, of Lowell, who remarked that though he could hardly venture to levy an additional tax upon the audience, in the closing moments of their festivities, yet he would not fail to express his acknowledgments for the call made upon him. The occasion had been to him one of peculiar interest. Waiving his claims upon their further attention, if any he might be supposed to have, he would, as an inhabitant of the *suburbs* of the ancient Shawshin, content himself with offering a sentiment:—

Billerica as she was and as she is.— In 1653 the General Court

pronounced her "a hopeful plantation;" her *returns* to-day attest alike the excellence of her *culture*, and the abundance of the *crop*.

At about five o'clock the President called upon Dea. Amos Spalding, one of the Vice Presidents, to preside; after which the following are a few of the voluntary sentiments given:—

By Thomas B. Edmonds:—

The Sons and Daughters of Billerica.— Like thrifty scions they have flourished in a *variety* of soil, and this day brought the *choicest* fruits home.

By Dea. Edward Spalding:—

Old Billerica, one of the oldest among her sisters; may she remain as firm to *maintain* our *Independence* as she was to *obtain it*.

By Capt. Samuel Foster:—

Although not a *native* of Billerica, I have lived here nearly *sixty years* to rejoice in her prosperity, and to witness the labors of such men as *Cumings, Abbot*, and *Howe*. May her future be blessed with *many such*.

By Samuel Brown:—

Old Billerica.— Although shorn of much of her original territory, she remains a *substantial town* yet.

By Josiah Rogers:—

Our Native Town.— Endeared to us by the recollections of youth and the attachments of age, as we behold her exhibiting the improvements of the age in churches, school-houses and homes, in faith and hope we transmit her fair fame and destiny to posterity.

By Rev. Jacob Norton, a resident of Billerica, in the ninety-second year of his age:—

The beautiful town of Billerica.— May the best of Heaven's blessings descend and rest upon its sons and daughters.

By W. R. A. Jackson, (country planter):—

Our Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers — May their sons and daughters inherit the spirit and energy of their ancestors against all trespassers and aggressors of their rights and privileges, and become a beacon light to all the inhabitants of contiguous and surrounding nations, that they seeing their good works and virtuous examples may

become recipients and almoners to all kindreds, families and nations of the inhabitable world.

By Daniel Parker, M. D:—

As the fruits of the earth grow and ripen by the fierce heats of summer, and the chilling blasts of autumn, so must grow and ripen the fruits of the soul, or be gathered green into God's store-house to ripen under cover.

By W. R. A. Jackson, (country planter):—

Old Maids and Maidens — Like preserves, lovely sweet, because *loveable*, good in their proper places. May they be wise nurses of the children of the fathers and mothers of past and future generations, and a help to the aged in the decline of life.

By Augustus Whiting, M. D., of Charlestown:—

The ancient town of Billerica.— Beautiful in location, distinguished by the industry, virtue and intelligence of our ancestors; how shall we transmit to posterity its fair name better than by imitating the late and lamented Dr. Howe, who by his munificence has erected a monument as durable as the generations of man, and like Joseph of old, after saving the lives of his people, has returned to each man his money.

By J. W. Lovejoy, of Lowell:—

Our ancestors of the town of Billerica.— They arose in the morning in the wilderness, with Christian faith, and toiled that we by imitating their virtues, might sit in the evening in the village to gather fruits and flowers from their industry. May we live so as to *honor* their *memory*, and die an *honor to their posterity.*

Billerica.— Let virtue and temperance be her foundation, that prosperity may be her reward.

The American women of olden time, worthy helpmeets of noble men.— May their daughters inherit their patriotism, energy and spirit of self-sacrifice, in the cause of *liberty* and *truth.*

The towns of Chelmsford and Groton.— Incorporated in the same act with ourselves, they have well kept up the respectability of the connection; and as they have generously cleared the track *for our celebration of the day*, we give them a cordial grip of fellowship on this occasion in memory of "Auld Lang Syne."

The towns of Tewksbury, Bedford, Wilmington, and Carlisle.— Though when they got *big enough* they were bound to *set up for themselves*, their mother is glad to see them *home again* at her birthday Jubilee.

The sons of the sires.— They have become natives of the broad West, the cold North, and the *sunny South*; but wherever they are found, they exhibit the virtue, energy, perseverance and industry of the *old stock*.

Robert L. Rogers, Esq., of Baltimore, responded to this sentiment, and it is a matter of deep regret that the Committee have been unable to obtain a copy of his remarks.

American Manufactures.— The true support of genuine independence.

Cold Water.— We never want *cash to buy it;* we are never *ashamed to ask for it*, and never blush to drink it.

Manual Labor.— The stepping stone to *virtue, health, happiness* and *independence*.

Letters were received from Governor Gardner, Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Henry C. Whitman, Augustus Whiting, M. D., Henry Blanchard, M. D., Prof. Alpheus Crosby, Benjamin F. Bowers, M. D., Henry B. Judkins and others.

The following original Hymn, composed for the occasion by Miss E. A. Foster, was read by Rev. George Proctor, and sung in the tune of Auld Lang Syne:—

The Past, the Past, the mighty Past!
We've shadowed forth to-day;
Of deeds long since performed we've heard —
They may not pass away.

The great and good have lived and died,
The great and good are gone;
But now with blessings they are named —
Their praise is breathed in song.

We view our happy, peaceful Land,
In future promise fair;
Yet boast not! 'tis the giant Past
Which makes us what we are.

This day's return the stoutest heart
Can ne'er expect to see,
But deeds will live, will live my friends,
To bless futurity.

And we will part with joy, my friends,
With hopeful joy and trust,
That deeds *we* do may live to bless
When we shall sleep in dust.

Father, from whom all blessings flow,
Draw us still nearer thee;
Make us to know, to feel thy power,
Thy care and goodness see.

Benediction by Rev. Homer Sears.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rev. Joseph Richardson :—

Dear Sir :— At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements, held this morning, the following vote was passed unanimously :—

Voted, That the thanks of the Committee be presented to the Rev. Joseph Richardson, for his learned, eloquent, and interesting Address, delivered on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the town ; and that he be requested to furnish us a copy for the press.

J. G. D. STEARNS,
JOHN BALDWIN,
WILLIAM H. ODIORNE,
THOMAS TALBOT,
THOMAS B. EDMONDS,
JEREMIAH CROSBY,
AMOS SPALDING,
JAMES R. FAULKNER,
Committee.

Billerica, May 30th, 1855.

Billerica, May 30th, 1855.

Gent. Com. Arrangements :—

Sincerely I thank you for your kind appreciation of the Address. I submit it to your disposal.

Very respectfully yours,

J. RICHARDSON.

A similar communication was addressed to Daniel Parker, M. D., in compliance with which he furnished the Committee a copy of his Poem for publication.

The Committee of Arrangements appointed Rev. J. G. D. Stearns, Thomas Talbot, John Baldwin, jr., Dea. Amos Spalding, and Gardner Parker, a Committee to print the Address, Poem, and all other matters which might be thought expedient, and directed them to print a thousand copies. They also voted that the balance of money appropriated by the town, remaining in the hands of the Treasurer after all bills are paid, be appropriated towards defraying the expenses of the printing.

An excellent degree of harmony characterized all the meetings of the Committee of Arrangements, and they endeavored to the best of their ability to fulfil the honorable duty imposed upon them. Their exertions receive an ample reward in the general satisfaction which has been expressed in view of the Centennial Celebration, and in the conscious pleasure which they feel in transmitting a memorial of the past and present to future times.

APPENDIX.

HISTORICAL ITEMS.

Name.— To the original inhabitants the town of Billerica appears to have been known by the name of Shawshinock, or Souhegenock, a name applied to the river Shawshin in an ancient plan. It was the twelfth original town settled in the County of Middlesex. In the old records it is spelt Billireikey, Billirikeyca, Billireca and Billericay, from Billericay, England, whence the present name of the town is derived.

House Lots.— The town was divided into lots by Jonathan Danforth, one of the earliest settlers, and one of the committee for locating the house lots. These lots were denominated ten and five acre lots.— a ten acre lot, or single share, containing one hundred and thirteen acres of upland and twelve acres of meadow; and a five acre lot, or half of a single share, containing half the quantity. Proprietors of not more than ten acre privileges could not, without permission of the town, dispose of their privilege to any person, not even to their children, unless the town had refused to make them a grant. No inhabitant or proprietor was allowed to bring in, or entertain in town any person as a servant, without giving bonds to the constable to secure the town from all damage they might sustain by such servant. In case of refusal to give bond, a forfeiture of twenty shillings per week was incurred.

Wolves.— The town being infested with wolves, the inhabitants ordered that a bounty of twenty shillings should be paid to any person, either English or Indian, who should kill a wolf within the limits of the town, and present the head thereof to the constable.

Cemeteries.— The South burial place was located in 1663. It originally contained half of an acre, and was the gift of Ralph Hill,

senior. Since that time it has been enlarged twice, and three additional burial grounds located; still the old South yard is nearly filled, and the town stands much in need of a new and larger cemetery for the repose of the dead.

The following inscriptions were copied from monuments in the South yard :—

Here lyes ye Body of ye Reverend Samuel Whiting, pastor of ye church of Christ in Billerica, Aged 80 years, deceased February ye 28, 1712.

Beneath this monumental stone are gathered the ashes of the Reverend Samuel Ruggles, late pastor of the church at Billerica, who having finished the work appointed for him by God, departed in 1749, on the 3d day of March. He was about 68 years of age, and had faithfully discharged the ministerial office for almost 41 years.

Here lye the remains of the Reverend John Chandler, sometime pastor of the church in Billerica, who departed this life November the 10th, A. D. 1762, in the 39th year of his age.

Beneath this stone rest the remains of the Rev. Henry Cumings, D. D., late pastor of the church and Christian Society in Billerica. Born Sept. 25th, 1739; ordained Jan. 26, 1763; died Sept. 5th, 1823. Possessing intellectual powers of the highest order, he was eminently learned, pious and faithful, and by his life and example, illustrated and recommended the doctrine and virtues he taught and inculcated. In grateful remembrance of his distinguished virtues, this stone is erected by the people of his charge.

Here lies ye body of the widow Lydia Dyar of Boston, the place of her nativity, where she left a good Estate and came into ye country May 22d, 1775, to escape ye abuse of ye Ministerial Troops sent by George ye 3d, to subject *North America*. She died July 28th, 1776, aged 80 years.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.

Thaddeus Brown, M. D., Died September 28, 1839, Aged 37 years. By his discriminating judgment as a physician, he had acquired the public confidence, while by his amiable deportment and rectitude of character, he had secured the attachment of many friends, one of whom* has caused this stone to be erected to his memory.

Joseph F. Hill, M. D., died Nov. 9, 1849, ÆE 41.

* The late lamented Zadok Howe, M. D.

Zadok Howe, Born in Bolton, Ct., Feb'y 15th, 1777, Died at Billerica March 8th, 1851. The faithful citizen and distinguished physician. The Town of Billerica, in token of their regard for his long and skilful services, and their gratitude for his munificent legacy for the endowment of a High School, erected this monument 1852.

Indians.— On the 2d of August, 1675, Timothy Farley of this town, was killed at Quaboag, now Brookfield, in an engagement with the Indians.

In the year 1684, an Indian title of the township was obtained at four Indian meetings, though any instrument purporting to be an Indian deed is not to be found. The consideration made to the Indians for their title cannot be ascertained, but the charges arising from making the purchase were fifteen shillings. In one of the Indian skirmishes, a party of our men took refuge in a barn, at which the Indians discharged their guns. Fortunately, the beseiged received no harm, as the balls went over their head. A board, taken from the barn, containing ten or more of these bullet holes, is now in possession of Mr. T. Foster Farmer.

Academies.— In 1797 an Academy was erected under the direction of Ebenezer Pemberton, A. M., LL. D., known as the Pemberton Academy. It prospered under his care, but was discontinued in 1808.

The Billerica Academy was incorporated under the charge of fifteen trustees, January 31st, 1820, and dedicated with religious services October 29th, 1821. In 1836 the trustees surrendered their charge for want of sufficient encouragement.

The Howe School was incorporated February 27th, 1852, and dedicated with appropriate exercises May 31st of the same year. This Seminary has been established by its founder on a permanent basis, and has successfully commenced a career of usefulness which will bless the present and future generations.

History.— John Adams remarked, "that no one could understand or account for our history, without comprehending our towns— so grand has been the educational work, which they have performed." A strong desire has been expressed that the history of Billerica might be written. John Farmer published a history in 1816, which is nearly out of print. The Centennial Address is rich in historical information, and valuable facts will be found in other parts of this work.

Some genealogical family registers have been carefully prepared in town. Such registers, including biographical and other incidents, would be invaluable, and their value would increase with the lapse of years.

REVOLUTIONARY ITEMS.

The honorable part which Billerica sustained in the great revolutionary struggle of our fathers has been fitly presented in the Address. A few additional items are here inserted.

On the 8th of March, 1775, Thomas Ditson, jr., a plain, honest farmer, in Billerica, went to Boston to sell a load of vegetables and purchase a gun. At that period the country people, in anticipation of the approaching contest, "were accustomed, when they could get a chance, to supply themselves with muskets, to shoot foxes or red coats — as the case might be — much to the annoyance of the ruling powers." Col. Nesbit directed a soldier to sell one of the countrymen a musket. The soldier, meeting Ditson in search of one, "conducted him to his own quarters, and there, having beguiled him out of five dollars on pretence of selling him a gun and equipments, set up a hue and cry, that there was a rebel purchasing king's arms of a king's soldier."* On this pretence, or, as Frothingham says,† on the pretence that he was tempting a soldier to desert, Ditson was seized by a sergeant and party, hurried to the barracks, tarred and feathered from head to foot, placed in a cart, and drawn through the streets surrounded by a party of officers and soldiers of the 47th regiment under Col. Nesbit, to liberty tree, where they let him go. On this occasion the tune of Yankee Doodle was played in derision.

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* Snow's History of Boston. † Seige of Boston.

For this outrage the Selectmen of Billerica demanded satisfaction of General Gage, declaring that if the intercourse with Boston was to be thus interrupted they should "hereafter use a different style from that of petition and complaint." Trumbull has immortalized Nesbit:—

Oh what a glorious work to sing
The veteran troops of Britain's king;
Adventuring for the heroic laurel
With bag of feathers and tar-barrel!
To paint the cart where culprits ride,
And Nesbit marching at its side.
Great executioner and proud,
Like hangman high on Holborn road;
And o'er the slow drawn rumbling car,
The waving ensigns of the war.

'Gainst Yankees thus the war begun,
They tarred and triumphed over one;
And fought and boasted through the season,
With force as great and equal reason.

The British soldiers commemorated the event in doggerel commencing —

"Yankee Doodle came to town to buy a fireloek,
The British tarred and feathered him, and so they will John Hancock."

Ditson succeeded, after all, in procuring a musket, and fought with it the battles of his country.

April 19th, 1775 — While the enemy were retreating from Concord, Lieut. Asa Spalding, of Billerica, discovered a British soldier preparing to fire at him, from near a tree. Spalding fired first, and the soldier fell. On his return, visiting the spot, he there found the dead body of a British grenadier. During the day he captured a stray Regular, whom he brought home and kept some months. An idiotic pauper residing in his family, supposing that all Britons should be killed, made an unsuccessful attempt to cut him down with an axe.

The first patriot who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, was a young man by the name of Asa Pollard, belonging to Billerica. The manner of his death is thus related by Col. Prescott —"The first man who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill was killed by a cannon ball which struck his head. He was so near me that my clothes were besmeared with his blood and brains, which I wiped off in some degree

with a handful of fresh earth. The sight was so shocking to many of the men that they left their posts and ran to view him. I ordered them back but in vain. I then ordered him to be buried instantly. A subaltern officer expressed surprise that I should allow him to be buried without having prayers said. I replied, 'this is the first man that has been killed, and the only one that will be buried to-day. I put him out of sight that the men may be kept in their places. God only knows who or how many of us will fall before it is over. To your post, my good fellow, and let each man do his duty.' He was struck by a cannon ball thrown from the line of battle ship Somerset."

Gen. Ebenezer Bridge, (son of Rev. Ebenezer Bridge, of Chelmsford), a graduate of Harvard University, was, in 1775, *a resident in Billerica.* In the month of May he was elected Colonel of the 27th Regiment of foot in the continental army, and engaged in the battle at Bunker's Hill 17th of June, where he received two slight wounds.

Col. Moses Parker, of Chelmsford, a veteran of the French War, was at that time chosen Lieut. Colonel. He was wounded at Bunker's Hill, and carried prisoner into Boston, where he died in prison July 4th.

Our late Gov. John Brooks was at the same time elected Major. They were chosen and commissioned at the public house of Capt. Solomon Pollard, now the residence of Mr. Abel Spalding.

Roll of Capt. Jonathan Stickney's Company of Volunteers in Col. Bridge's Regiment.

They were all "*Billerica men*" excepting Jacob Danforth from Hollis, and John Fry from Andover.

Jonathan Stickney, *Captain.*

Elijah Danforth, 1*st Lieut.*	John Lewis, 2*d Lieut.*
Sergeants.	*Corporals.*
Timothy Whiting,	Samuel Hill,*
Simeon Stearns,	Samuel Kidder,
Samuel Russ,	Samuel Rogers,
Thomas Richardson.	Samuel Sprake.
Drummer, Ebenezer French.	*Fifer*, John Whiting.

* Killed at Bunker Hill.

Privates.

William Baldwin,	John Danforth,	Asa Pollard,*
Benjamin Baldwin,	Benjamin Davis,	Solomon Pollard, jr.,
Jeremiah Baldwin,	Jesse Danforth,	Jeremiah Reed,
Benjamin Baldwin, jr.	Benjamin Eastey,*	Ebenezer Richardson,
Josiah Beard,	Nicholas French,	Nathaniel Richardson,
Abijah Beard,	John Fry,	Benjamin Sprage,
Benjamin Bowers,	Edward Farmer,	Asa Spalding,
Samuel Bridge,	John Foster,	Samuel Trull,
Abijah Blanchard,	Timothy Gray,	John Trull,
Paul Blanchard,	Isaac Holt,	Timothy Toothaker,*
Timothy Crosby,	Jeremiah Hill,	Timothy Whiting, jr.,
Samuel Cory,	Seth Leviston,	Isaac G. White,
Silas Chamberlain,	Isaac Leviston,	Samuel Walker,
Josiah Danforth,	David Leviston,	Joel Walker,
Benjamin Dutton,	Joseph Mace,	Joseph Wilson,
Jacob Danforth,	Joseph Osgood,	John Wilson.
Benjamin Dows,	Jonathan Pollard,	

Names of *Billerica men* enlisted in other Companies belonging to Col. Bridges' Regiment:—

Capt. John Harnden's Company of Wilmington.

Benjamin Lewis, *Corporal.* Daniel Killom, *Corporal.*

William Danforth, *Drummer.*

Privates.—Jonathan Fiske, Josiah Blanchard, Timothy Blanchard, Jotham Blanchard, Benjamin Wilson.

Capt. John Ford's Company of Chelmsford.— Robert Angier.

Capt. Benjamin Walker's Company from Chelmsford.

Capt. Walker was wounded at Bunker Hill, carried prisoner to Boston, and died in prison in August.†

Justus Blanchard, William Colwell, Samuel Fletcher, Ezekiel Walker; Jacob Crosby, *mortally wounded.*

It is believed that a Volunteer Company from Billerica was at the capture of Burgoyne; probably in Col. Jonathan Reed's Regiment. "A Muster Roll" of the company we have not found.

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* Killed at Bunker Hill.

† Capts. Walker and Ford had been tried soldiers in the French War. Ford was a man of great muscular strength, and attempted to bring Walker from the hill. But the enemy were upon them. "Leave me," said Walker, "or we shall both be taken." "I left him," said Ford, "but I cried like a child."

CIVIL OFFICERS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN.

Members of the Constitutional Conventions.

Rev. Henry Cumings, 1779, Hon. Joseph Locke, 1820, Thomas Talbot, 1853.

Member of the Governor's Council.— Hon. Joseph Locke.

Senator.— Hon. Isaac Stearns.

Representatives to the General Court.

Previous to the year 1669, this town was represented in the General Court by Humphrey Davie, of Boston; and for his services "the town ordered the selectmen to procure a fat beast (with some of the town's land) and send it to Mr. Davie as from the town, by way of thankfulness to him for his good service for the town." In 1684, Jonathan Danforth was chosen deputy to a "special General Court." This is the first notice upon the records of a resident being chosen; since that time the following gentlemen have each served the town as a Representative :—

Ralph Hill,	William Tompson,	Thomas Sumner,
Joseph Tompson,	Edward Farmer,	Michael Crosby, jr.,
Samuel Manning,	Jonathan Bowers,	Daniel Wilson,
Thomas Richardson,	Oliver Crosby,	Henry Baldwin,
John Stearns,	James Abbot,	Thomas Spalding,
George Brown,	John Parker,	Samuel Foster,
Oliver Whiting,	Joseph Locke,	John Eames,
John Blanchard,	Dudley Walker,	Gardner Parker,
William Patten,	Josiah Crosby, jr.,	Harvey Crosby,
Benjamin Tompson,	Samuel Whiting,	Reuben Chamberlain,
Jacob French,	John Baldwin,	Thomas Talbot,
Enoch Kidder,	Marshall Preston,	Henry Rice,
Thomas Kidder,	Zadok Howe,	Daniel Floyd
William Stickney,	Josiah Rogers,	Charles H. Hill.
Timothy Danforth,		

Town Clerks of Billerica from A. D. 1657 *to* 1855.

	Years in Office.		Years in Office.
John Parker,		Joseph Tompson,	9
William Tay,	1	John Stearns,	2
Jonathan Danforth,	20	Oliver Whiting,	17
Samuel Manning,	8	John Needham,	2

	Years in Office.		Years in Office.
Benjamin Tompson,	4	Jacob Richardson,	5
Joshua Abbot,	31	Blaney Abbot,	5
William Stickney,	12	Jeremiah Patten,	4
Joshua Abbot,	15	Jeremiah Farmer,	2
William Bowers,	1	Samuel Whiting,	5
Oliver Crosby,	14	Marshall Preston,	28
James Abbot,	1	John Baldwin, jr.*	

Justices of the Peace and Quorum.

Isaac Stearns. Joseph Locke.

Justices of the Peace.

Oliver Whiting,	Josiah Crosby,	John Baldwin, jr.,
Edward Farmer,	Joseph Blanchard,	William H. Odiorne,
Jonathan Bowers,	Francis Faulkner,	Isaac Holden,
James Abbot,	Marshall Preston,	Jonathan Hill,
Samuel Whiting,	John Baldwin,	Henry Crosby,
Benjamin Tompson,	Zadok Howe,	Benjamin L. Judkins,
William Tompson,	Sewall Stearns,	Joseph A. Burt,
John Parker,	Samuel Rogers,	Amos Spalding,
Blaney Abbot,	Dudley Foster,	George H. Whitman.
Dudley Walker,	Luther W. Faulkner,	Azel W. Patten.
Timothy Farnham,	John Eames,	

Physicians who have Practiced in Billerica.

Roger Toothaker, 1st, 1660,	Joseph Foster,
John Kittredge, 1675,	Rufus Kittredge,
Roger Toothaker, 2d,	Josiah Batchelder,
Roger Toothaker, 3d,	Zadok Howe,
—— Manning,	J. W. Hood,
Roger Toothaker, 4th,	Thaddeus Brown,
Timothy Danforth,	Joseph F. Hill,
William Bowers,	Daniel Parker,
Isaac Hurd,	Augustus Mason,
William Wilkins,	Hezekiah Bickford,
Jacob Kittredge,	William Grey.

Natives of Billerica Practising elsewhere.

Augustus Whiting,	Benjamin F. Bowers,	George Faulkner,
Josiah Bowers,	Henry Blanchard,	Josiah Bowers.

* Chosen March, 1849.

Counsellors at Law in Billerica

Samuel Dexter, Joseph Locke, Marshall Preston,
William Crosby, Timothy Farnham, George H. Whitman.

Natives of Billerica located elsewhere.

Artemas Rogers, Henry C. Whitman,* Henry B. Judkins,
George H. Preston.

A LIST† OF THE NATIVES OF BILLERICA
WHO HAVE RECEIVED COLLEGE DIPLOMAS.

* John Whiting, A. M., graduated at Harvard University 1685,— son of Rev. Samuel Whiting,— ordained at Lancaster about 1691; born Aug. 1st, 1664; killed by the Indians 1697,— aged 33.

* Joseph Whiting, A. M., H. U. 1690,— supposed to be a brother of the preceding; born Feb. 7th, 1669; died Sept. 6th, 1701,— aged 32.

* Josiah Stearns, A. M., H. U. 1751,— son of John Stearns,— ordained at Epping, N. H., March 8th, 1758; born Jan. 20th, 1732; died 1788,— aged 56.

* Jonathan Kidder, A. M., H. U. 1751,— son of Thomas Kidder, Esq.,— a schoolmaster many years in his native town; born March 26th, 1728; died March 18th, 1805,— aged 77.

* Joseph Kidder, A M., H. U. 1768,— son of Capt. Enoch Kidder,— ordained at Dunstable, N. H., 1767; born Nov. 18th, 1741; died 1818,— aged 77.

* William Bowers, A. M., H. U. 1769, M. D.,— son of Capt. William Bowers,— a practitioner in his native town; born April 20th, 1744; died 1820,— aged 76.

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* Hon. Henry Cumings Whitman,— son of Rev. Nathaniel Whitman,— Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Lancaster, Fairfield Co., Ohio.

† Farmer's list revised and continued.

* Andrew Bowers, A. M., H. U. 1799, Esq.,— son of Capt. Josiah Bowers,— a Representative several years to the General Court of New Hampshire from Salsbury; born Sept. 17th, 1758; died 1832,— aged 74.

* David Abbot, A. M., H. U. 1794,— son of Mr. David Abbot; born Dec. 18th, 1770; died April 9th, 1804,— aged 33.

* James Bowers, A. B., H. U. 1794,— son of Capt. Josiah Bowers,— ordained over the Episcopalian Society in Marblehead; born Aug. 22d, 1763; died 1834,— aged 71.

* William Crosby, A. B., H. U. 1794,— son of Hezekiah Crosby,—Counseller at Law in Belfast, District of Maine; Senator for this District to the Massachusetts Legislature; Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Third Eastern Circuit; born June 3d, 1770; died March 31st, 1852,— aged 82.

* Oliver Crosby, A. M., H. U. 1795,— son of Major Oliver Crosby,— Counsellor at Law and Justice of the Peace at Dover, N. H.; born March 17th, 1769; died 1851,— aged 82.

* Henry Cumings, A. M., H. U. 1795,— son of Rev. Henry Cumings, D. D.,— some years an instructor of youth; born Sept. 9th, 1774; died 1829,—aged 55.

Joseph Richardson, A. M.,— son of Joseph Richardson.— graduated at Dartmouth College 1802; ordained in 1806 over the church in Hingham to whom he has ministered for almost half a century; author of several valuable publications; Representative and Senator in the legislature of Massachusetts; member of the Constitutional Convention of 1820; Representative to Congress, and Orator at the Billerica Centennial Celebration.

Artemas Rogers, A. M., H. U. 1809,— son of Josiah Rogers,— was many years Counsellor at Law in Henniker, N. H., and afterwards in Massachusetts.

* Frederick Augustus Parker, A. B., H. U. 1813, M. D.,— son of Col. John Parker,— born Dec. 21st, 1789; died April 23d, 1827,— aged 37.

Augustus Whiting, A. M., H. U. 1816, M. D.,— son of Dea. Samuel Whiting,— is located in Charlestown.

Josiah Bowers, M. D. Yale College 1816,— son of Benjamin Bowers,— is located in New York City.

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* In the above List the names of those who have deceased are marked with a star. Their average age is sixty-five.

Micajah Rogers, A. M., H. U. 1817,— son of Josiah Rogers,— was several years teacher in Maryland; now a planter.

Benjamin Franklin Bowers, jr., M. D. Yale 1819,— son of Benjamin Bowers,— is located in New York City.

Abel Patten, A. B., D. C. 1827; is pastor of the Congregational Church in Pittsfield, Vt.

Timothy Stearns, A. M.,— son of Timothy Stearns,— graduated at Amherst College 1833; lately pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Kingston, Ohio; now preaches to the Presbyterian Church, Mt. Pleasant, Henry Co., Iowa.

Daniel Parker, M. D Bowdoin College 1833; the author of the Centennial Poem; is a practitioner in his native town.

Henry Blanchard, A. M., H. U. 1834, M. D.,— son of Joseph Blanchard, Esq.,— is located at Marshfield.

Benjamin Adams Spaulding, A. B., H. U. 1840,— son of Mr. Samson Spaulding,— is pastor of the Congregational Church, Ottumwa, Wapello Co., Iowa.

George Faulkner, A. B., H. U. 1844, M. D ,— son of Francis Faulkner, Esq.,— is located at Jamaica Plain.

George Henry Preston, A. M., H. U. 1846,— son of Marshall Preston, Esq.,— is Counsellor at Law in Boston.

Henry Bridge Judkins, LL. B.,— son of Benjamin L. Judkins, — student at law H. U. 1850; is Counsellor at Law in Amboy, Lee Co., Illinois.

Josiah Bowers, M. D. Philadelphia 1854,— son of Joseph Bowers,— is located in Smithtown, Long Island, New York.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational. The first meeting-house erected in Billerica was completed about 1660. The second was erected July 16, 1694; the inhabitants having worshipped in the old one about thirty-four years. In 1738 the third meeting-house was built and conse-

erated to divine worship. In 1797 the fourth meeting-house, 68 feet in length and 51 in breadth, was erected, and dedicated to Christian worship, by appropriate religious exercises on the 7th of January, 1798. This edifice is still standing near the spot where the first meeting-house was erected. The situation is a pleasant and delightful one, and commands an extensive and beautiful prospect. In 1844 it was turned partially round, and two of its porches removed, in order to make a more modern building, which the progress of the times seemed to demand. The ornamental and handsome spire is still retained, which is seen, and attracts the attention of the traveller for many miles as he approaches the town. A new bell weighing one thousand pounds was placed in the tower the same year, the old one having been broken by the boys, in manifesting their patriotism, upon the occasion of the previous anniversary of the National Jubilee.

Ordained Pastors of the First Church in Billerica, with the times of their ordination and removal.

Samuel Whiting, ordained November 11th, 1663; died February 28th, 1712,— aged 80.

Samuel Ruggles, ordained May 19th, 1708; died March 1st, 1749,— aged 67.

John Chandler, ordained October 21st, 1747; dismissed June 5th, 1760; died November 10th, 1762,— aged 39.

Henry Cumings, ordained January 26th, 1763; died September 5th, 1823,— aged 84.

Nathaniel Whitman, ordained January 26th, 1814; dismissed March 30th, 1835.

William E. Abbot, ordained February 8th, 1837; dismissed February 10th, 1839.

Theodore H. Dorr, ordained May 28th, 1839; dismissed May 28th, 1843.

The pulpit has been supplied, during the interval, by several individuals for longer or shorter periods, none of whom have been here ordained. It is filled at the present time by the Rev. Nathaniel O. Chaffee.

Baptist. The Baptist Society in Billerica was organized April 25th, 1828. The Baptist Church was constituted the 30th of September following. Religious services on the occasion were in the First Congregational Church. For three years the Society worshipped in the "Fordway" school-house. In 1831 a meeting-house was erect-

ed, 50 feet by 40 feet, near the "Corner Bridge." In 1844 this house was removed to the centre of the town, and subsequently extensively repaired.

Jedadiah W. Sargent, the first pastor, was ordained January 14th, 1835. In 1837 he was succeeded by Rev. Jonathan E. Forbush, who was followed in the pastoral office by Rev. Messrs. Warren Cooper, George W. Randall, and Benjamin Knight.

September 28th, 1845, Rev. Benjamin Putnam became pastor, and so remained until he died, much lamented, December 31st, 1850. Rev. Z. P. Wilds was his successor. At the end of two years he left, and was followed by Rev. Homer Sears, the present supply.

Orthodox. The Orthodox Congregational Society was formed January 17th, 1829, and the Church was organized on the 30th of April. The meeting-house, 60 by 46 feet, was raised October 28th of the same year; dedicated to divine worship January 13th, 1830, and repaired in 1850. The following is a list of the pastors of the church, the pulpit having been supplied during the intervals by various ministers:—

John Starkweather, ordained April 22d, 1830; dismissed August 2d, 1831.

Joseph Haven, installed June 8th, 1836; dismissed September 27th, 1840.

Benjamin Ela, ordained April 29th, 1841; dismissed May, 1842.

J. G. D. Stearns, the present pastor, ordained May 29th, 1843.

Universalist. The Universalist Society was organized January 10th, 1842, and the house of worship erected the same year. Rev. Varnum Lincoln, the first pastor, was ordained September 8th, 1843. The church was gathered January 7th, 1844. Mr. Lincoln remained with the Society two years; and for two years following his resignation, the pulpit was supplied by Rev. S. P. Landers, then of West Cambridge.

In 1847 Rev. George Proctor became pastor of the Society. In 1853 Mr. Proctor removed to Clintonville, and was succeeded by Rev. P. Hersey. In 1855 Mr. Hersey having resigned his charge, Mr. Proctor at the invitation of the Society again became their pastor.

Methodist. The First Methodist Episcopal Society was organized in North Billerica January 28th, 1854. Rev. Nathaniel H. Martin preached three months after its organization, and was succeeded by Rev. Horace F. Morse, who still officiates.

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